EXPONENT II

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Woman's Exponent Revisited

Utah Women and Newspapers

This is the first issue of a new volume, the "Exponent" having entered upon its twenty-seventh year. Let us ardently hope that it may be a more prosperous one than the last few have been, and that the women of Utah in whose interest it is published and particularly the women of the Church, may be more zealous in sustaining their own official organ, and that it may continue to be a source of encouragement to the organizations of women throughout this and other lands.

In times such as are now upon us, when history is being made so rapidly and one momentous event after another follow in such quick succession, it behooves all women to be alive to the general good and to know in what way best to serve each other and all mankind.

The newspapers of women throughout the land are indeed most helpful in each locality where they are published especially, and Utah and Salt Lake City should not be behind in this respect. Utah was the first western territory or state to establish a woman's paper except Oregon, and has done much in the way of political freedom for women, and her women have not been behind other states in the West intellectually, notwithstanding the hardships and privations of pioneer life in a new country. The women of Utah have acquitted themselves creditably in this respect, and have shown a courage almost unsurpassed in the obstacles they have had to surmount.

In philanthropic work they are second to none; their largest and most flourishing organization of this kind, the National Woman's Relief Society, is known far and wide, at home in our own country and abroad in other lands, as one of the most successful and enterprising organizations of women engaged in philanthropic work for the betterment of humanity. We fear the members do not in many instances appreciate the greatness of and the benefits to be derived from this important Society.

Such great societies need printed instructions regularly, such as come through an organ of their own, and should take a pride in maintaining such a periodical for reliable information and historical references in regard to matters pertaining to the growth and advance of the Society as a whole wherever the locality may be, that all may be aware of conditions and needs and thus by interchange of ideas through the paper as well as in various other ways be mutually helpful.

Our sisters here and elsewhere are invited and urged to write for the "Exponent," and to cultivate whatever talent they may have in this line, thus by a few words perhaps blessing and comforting others, sowing seed broadcast, casting bread upon the waters (perchance the bread of life) that may feed spiritually those in direst need of comfort, whose lives may be darkened by sorrow and adversity.

The motto of the N.W.R.S. is "Charity never faileth," and the spirit should permeate throughout the organization, for it is the spirit of the blessed Savior who left to the world the Golden Rule which if applied would make us all better and truer followers of Him who said: "If you love me feed my sheep."

Woman's Exponent
1 June 1898

A Word About Women

One can scarcely take up a book, magazine, or newspaper nowadays without being aware that women are "creating a sensation," they are certainly getting themselves talked about; are men beginning to fear and tremble (I fear some are), and is there "a woman at the bottom of the mischief?" That is a familiar saying of theirs. We are told that "in the last days men's hearts would fail them," but we had no idea it would be attributable to women, yet it is even so from the pulpit down; this is idol-breaking by women, and though men speak of her as silly, vain, and frivolous; they will perhaps find ere long that woman is terribly in earnest; that she is no longer willing to be trammelled by narrow conventionalities, but to step forward on a broader platform, undaunted by the sarcasm or even foul aspersions cast upon her by those who have not the inspiration of a potent power urging them to a noble purpose. She can endure all the calumny and reproach of those who are ready to attribute to her the motives of revenge, spite or disappointed love, knowing that the end will more than justify the means, and be ample atonement for any personal sacrifice.

"Through slander--meanest spawn from hell--
And woman's slander is the worst--
And you whom once I loved so well,
Through you my life has been accurst."

I will not agree that woman's slander is the worst, Tennyson to the contrary, notwithstanding, and I venture to dispute the long established dogma, of total depravity in women; tradition has handed it down from the days of Adam and Eve. I take the ground that slander has no sex; the "poison of asps" is no more under the lips of woman than of man, and the unruly member that stirs up a great fire belongs no more to one than to the other; I am not one who thinks men and women are made of different flesh and blood, not even that men are made of dust and women are angels, but that women from their very infancy are guarded from all outward contamination, so that the very elements of the deadliest slanders are wanting.

Woman untaught, in a vast majority, for countless centuries in all arts save such as pertain to domestic life or the "wiles that charm," at best subordinate or inferior, to come and go as she was bid, has been termed silly, vain, weak and cowardly, but give her justice and she is no coward, give her cause and she will face fearful odds, as is abundantly proved at the present time in her putting forward a claim for the right of the ballot; we have as much to gain or lose by good laws, or bad laws as men; we should be well versed in law and understand all that pertains to marriage, to divorce, and to property; we have as much to risk by law as men. Does it detract from their dignity because women prove themselves capacitated for the same positions as men, is this any usurpation of power or of rights? If they are really superior to us let them move on, "there is room higher up." They have not reached the pinnacle of greatness yet, to which it is possible to attain, let them look to it that they advance if they would not have women too close upon their track, for there is advancement among women; thought is growing, and men should turn their attention and bend their energies to things of more weighty consideration than woman's faults and a jealousy of precedence, should look with pride instead of fear upon women who are seeking to elevate, inspire and ennoble the sex, for they are the molders of men, it is conceded; then as women advance, so does it more surely perfect the future race of men. Woman bears the impress of the seal of immortality.

Woman's Exponent
1 November 1876

The Refiner's Fire

That so many women seemed to need to express their feelings on infertility and adoption in the past two Sisters Speak columns has recently turned my thoughts to ideas touched off by these subjects. I was unable to attend the discussion group which was the springboard for these columns, but I later talked to an *Exponent* staff member who said that a wonderful spirit of shared suffering had existed at that gathering. Not all the women present were mourning infertility, of course, but they were able to commune and empathize with one another because of their own difficulties--in marriage, with their children, with part-member families, with death in the family. This staff member said that it had been positive and cathartic to express that grief, whether verbally or silently, together in a group.

Her comment reminded me of C. S. Lewis, whose compulsion in *A Grief Observed* to minutely examine and express different aspects of his feelings about his wife was necessary in order for him to work through his grief at her death. Thinking of Lewis led me to ponder the therapeutic effect of writing down one's feelings, which in turn made me think of the admonitions of countless General Authorities to keep journals. I wondered why we were asked to keep journals--was the finished product for posterity of prime import, or was the process, for the present? I then reflected on the most recent issue of *Dialogue* in which both Neal Lambert and Mary Bradford note that Mormons are at their literary best in the *genres* of autobiography and the personal essay.

These ideas led to one another in such a natural, step-by-step succession that they became all connected up in a wonderfully magical way: *suffering, sharing, expressing, writing* together with *Mormons, journals, literary best.*

I then thought of how uncomfortable Mormons are with the word "suffering." In a religion where "man is that he might have joy," where the joys of family life are extolled to sell our faith to the world; in a religion which looks to the joy of Resurrection Morning, ignoring the sorrow of Good Friday; whose members avoid the mystery of "qui tollis peccata mundi" and hurry past the paintings of "Jesus Descending from the Cross" in museums--in such a religion, is there any room for suffering? Some have conjectured that the reason the Great Mormon Novel has never been written is that Mormons are too busy being happy (or perhaps are just too busy!) to have experienced suffering. The quest for truth, many feel, necessitates a painful process; a religion with an answer for every problem seems rather pollyanna to such outsiders. Singer, Chaim Potok, and Solzhenitsyn are good evidence that peoples with histories of suffering can produce writers with amazing perception. (As Herbert Harker wistfully laments, "If only I had been born a Jew I could write novels like Saul Bellow"!)

And yet, our own history, our own scriptures, acknowledge suffering. Though Haun's Mill is not a popular Sunday School lesson topic, it is nevertheless part of Mormon history. The horrors of the westward trek are accessible to all. If some members feel uncomfortable singing "Though Deepening Trials," many are happy to know they can "cast their burdens on the Lord." The value of suffering to gain experience and knowledge is certainly made clear to Joseph Smith in D&C 122.

I knew, but didn't relate personally to these ideas until I read letter after letter from women whose suffering associated with infertility had opened their eyes and hearts to other people and their problems. Many used phrases like "I've been through a refiner's fire" and "My life has been somehow tempered" to describe the effects of suffering on them. Because of their experiences, they had gained feelings of love and wanting to help others--especially those who had been previously thought of as unlikely objects to love--such as the birth mothers of many adoptive mothers' children.

The awakening they felt made me think of the Ultimate Sufferer, and I wondered if His experience in the Garden, inexplicable and mystically perceived as it is, was a necessary step for omniscience--the absolute knowledge of *everyone's* pain and sorrow which leads to compassion, and therefore to a desire to sacrifice oneself to serve others. Little glimmers of this desire kept shining through these letters. Was experience, then, not only the best teacher for us mere mortals, but also necessary to enable us to *really* understand others and reach out?

Although I do not desire any more suffering in my life than what I have, nor am I advocating a new "suffer-in" cult, nor do I wish to lose the orientation of our Church toward joy, I wish to affirm that suffering can be a healthy part of our lives, and open us up to a more exquisite kind of joy than we have known before.

NTD

A Brief Tribute

That 95 Irving Street appeared on the cover of last winter's issue is one of life's ironic twists. For the first time, *Exponent II* had moved out of living rooms and basements into an attic-room office of its own. Because of the transience of people in this town, I remember feeling at the time a bit superstitious about printing that picture, as if I could by so doing somehow unbalance the state of things. But no, I reasoned, the Petersons had been around for ten years. They were almost permanent by our ward's standards, having lived here longer than practically anyone else.

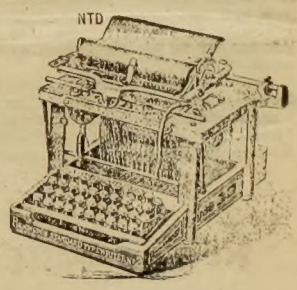
Within six short months, my sixth sense was unfortunately verified. Back to living rooms and basements we went. But more than losing our new digs, we were saying farewell to a valued friend and worker.

I once commented to my husband that my experience as co-editor with Grethe had been like adjusting to another marriage, and that the love, respect, and mutual commitment that came out of "working things through" has been as rewarding. Although we will no longer be working closely together, she will remain an important part of my life.

Grethe has a tremendous capacity to seek out and include others, and to intuit others' needs. The combination of these qualities with an instinctive sense of getting to the heart of what needs to be done, and an incredible amount of energy to do it, is why she succeeded so well as the managing editor of this enterprise. In addition, her generous hospitality in genuinely enjoying opening up her home for not only us of *Exponent II*, but practically everyone else who drifted through the Boston area, helped to create the atmosphere of sisterly affection we all feel for one another.

We wish, therefore, to publicly thank Grethe and acknowledge the hours of service she has rendered to this newspaper, as well as the influence she has had on all our lives. We understand that Salt Lake City has already "discovered" her; we know it won't take long for her to set that town on fire, too.

NTD



In Search of a Sisterly Heritage

Lest "a nation should dwindle and perish in unbelief," God commanded Lehi to take his people's history with him to the new world. For the same reason, it is important that women should know of the heritage left them by earlier sisters. Women have no unified history carved into gold plates and bound in leather, so they must collect scraps and bits to sew the quilt of their past. That quilt was what hundreds of women scholars from around the country gathered to work on in August at the Fiftieth Berkshire Conference on the History of Women. Of about 175 papers, four were given by Mormon women.

It was appropriate that the women should gather at Mount Holyoke College in Massachusetts--the first college for women in the United States. Participants were reminded that Mary Lyon's friends had begged her to stop traveling all over New England with a green velvet bag, collecting money to start a college for women. Mary Lyon replied to those friends, "My heart is sick, my soul is pained with this empty gentility, this genteel nothingness. I am doing a great work, I cannot come down."

The keynote address was given by Jane DeHart Matthews from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. She spoke at length about the opposition to the ERA, analyzing the social, geographical, economic, cultural, educational, occupational, and religious origins of those who oppose the amendment. She emphasized the symbolic aspects of both the ERA and of the opposition to it, and analyzed the emotional/symbolic-related reasons, as well as the more rational/issue-related reasons why some groups oppose it. Most of her data had been gathered in the South, but she is expanding her area of research to include other parts of the country. She presently heads a team of researchers who work with a variety of methods to find out more about the opposition groups, their leaders, their methods and their motives. She commented that this single issue, the ERA, had united many and mobilized women, on both sides of the question, who had never before been politically active, but who may now increase their involvement in politics as a result of their experience in grass-roots politics. Her address was very insightful and well-documented, and stimulated great discussion at the opening session of the Conference.

Topics at the conference ranged from Shaker women to the 20th Century beauty contest to the effects of socialism on women. Several panels discussed the research women were doing on changes in adolescent socialization, child care and treatment for elderly women. Some of the historians presented papers on women in revolutionary movements in Africa and Latin America, while others focused on 19th Century female poets and novelists in Europe. There were several long sessions devoted to women and religion. In one representative paper, called "Attacking the Male Power Structure in American Protestantism," Barbara Brown Zikmund of the Chicago Theological Seminary showed historically that in the evolution from silence to full participation women in Protestant churches have gone through seven definite steps, from the right to talk about matters of faith in public to ordination to non-biased language.

Clearly, the Conference offered information and ideas about women of all ages in a variety of situations and from many perspectives.

A session on housework in America featured three papers by Mormon women. As evidence of the increased interest in women's work in different time periods and places, the session was so popular that the room was packed, and women began climbing in the windows to find a spot at the back. The session proved to be well worth the crowded conditions. A doctoral candidate in history at the University of New Hampshire, Laurel Thatcher Ulrich's meticulously thorough research on the social dimensions of housework in northern colonial New England was extremely well received. Claudia Bushman, who recently received her Ph.D. in American Studies from Boston University, presented a paper on work schedules in the nineteenth century household of Harriet Hansen Robinson. Maureen Ursenbach Beecher, editor at the Church Historian's Office, discussed women's work on the Mormon frontier, concluding that women's role there was largely a traditional one. In another session, Jill Mulvay Derr, a researcher at the Church Historian's Office, gave a paper on "The Making and Unmaking of Mormon Sisterhood, 1870-1920" in which she analyzed the early power in decision-making of Mormon women during the earlier period, and the subsequent erosion thereof.

In late night sessions, a dozen Mormon participants at the conference got together to discuss what they were learning and how it affected them. They talked about the Relief Society--its changes in style, lesson content, and how these things had affected the membership of the Relief Society. They also discussed projects that Mormon historians might do, and issues in Mormon women's history which needed further research. They tried to discover just where the Mormon women's patch fit into the quilt of the world's women.

CRA and JRD

Editor's Note: Those wishing to find out about next year's Berkshire Conference on the History of Women can write to Gabrielle Spiegel, Department of History, University of Maryland, College Park, Maryland 20742.

Her Honor Judge Durham

"I can't imagine a worse role model for our girls," was the response of one man to the announcement of the appointment July 14 of Christine Meaders Durham as judge of the Third District Court. Christine's pediatrician husband George and their four children do not agree.

At thirty-two, Judge Durham is not only the first woman appointed to the district court in Utah, but is also the youngest. Her degrees from Wellesley College (1967) and Duke University Law School (1971) represent years not only of serious scholarship, but also of juggling classes around a marriage and the requirements of nursing babies. Her continuing career as an attorney in Salt Lake City has progressed alongside caring for family, participation in church life, and concern for community needs.

The judgeship happened quickly. In just over two weeks from the time the vacancy was announced, Christine had applied, been interviewed, and was appointed by Governor Scott Matheson. The timing provided one of those moments when to laugh is to cry. Christine had been managing Jim McConkie's campaign for congress, and at 4:30 p.m. of the day preceding the win-or-lose convention, she received her call from the Governor. At 6:00, news release time, the buzz spread through campaign headquarters. Christine's appointment was on everyone's lips as the staff prepared into the night for the next day's activities. McConkie didn't make it through the convention, but some of the bitterness of that defeat was ameliorated in the success of "one of us" who made it.

And make it Chris surely did. Sharing the responsibility of a big house and four children, Chris and her husband George find the new appointment, now that the three-week stint at judges' school in Nevada is over, a lessening of pressures. Chris has more time at home, the courtroom providing a more stable timetable. She has had to drop many of her former activities, judicial ethics dictating that a judge not lend support to partisan activities or fund-raising ventures, with the result that life has become for the Durhams much more regular in its pace.

Family life is primary to Christine and George. Commenting on what may or may not be a cause-effect relationship, Chris described how "everything is going so well, for all of us, all at once." Blithe-spirited four-year-old Troy seems most ecstatic about the appointment, and Meghan and Jennifer are responding by, as their mother put it, "exploding with talent." Two-year-old Melinda, the Durham's sparkling fuzzy-haired baby, is no exception. "They all seem to be in golden ages," she said. "So many things have fallen together."

To Christine personally, the judgeship is even more significant, the culmination of a diverse career in many areas of the study and practice of law. Through and beyond law school, Christine has been involved in programs of drug abuse prevention and treatment, of protective services for the elderly, problems of child abuse and opportunities for the mentally handicapped. She had at one time thought to become a public interest lawyer, but in actual practice had been involved in business and securities matters. She had taught classes in family and medical law at BYU and the University of Utah.

But the practice of an attorney and the work of a judge, she stressed, are very different things. Christine, Her Honor Judge Durham, seems even more suited to the roles of the bench than those of the bar. As judge she becomes a problem solver, not an adversary, a protector of the process, not a seeker after private rights. As she put it, as judge she must "keep the individual interests of the litigants from overpowering the system."

To that office she brings not only her skill, but also her warm humanity. Presiding over family court early in her appointment, she was faced by a father claiming extended visitation privileges with his five-month-old child, not yet weaned. Complaining at the mother's reluctance to give the infant a bottle, the man turned to Her Honor and commented that "perhaps the court was familiar with such things?" to which Chris, with a characteristic smile, replied, "Yes, the court understands such things."

As deeply intellectual as she is humanitarian, Chris talks easily and thoughtfully of social forces at work. The women's movement--a term she regrets for its connection with bra-burning radicalism--she sees as "an incredibly far-flung, diverse evolution of consciousness regarding the roles women play." Her reasoned and vocal support for the current legislative attempts--the ERA--has won her both friends and enemies at all levels of the social and political mass.

Judge Christine Durham *Deseret News*

Raised far from the Utah she now considers home, Chris was nevertheless steeped in the waters of Mormonism. The gospel has in her life "acted as a catalyst. . . . It keeps me moving, unsettled, energy- and achievement-oriented." There are always ambiguities and tensions to be worked out. She finds church life in Utah more difficult than away from the center. "Here one's religion is an issue," she said, though she has no intimation that her being a Latter-day Saint either hindered or promoted her appointment as judge.

In every sense a Renaissance woman, it is unlikely that Her Honor Judge Durham, "Mommy" to Meghan and Jennifer, Melinda and Troy, and "my wife Christine" to George, could do less than she has done; it is more likely that she will do these things well, and more.

Maureen Ursenbach Beecher
Salt Lake City, Utah

"Relationships": Conference Theme

The focus of this year's Sixth Annual Women's Conference, which began in Salt Lake City on October 11, was on relationships. The event, which drew an estimated 2,000 females from the Intermountain area, had a workshop-panel discussion format. Some participants described the selection of workshops as bland, lacking the biting feminist viewpoint that challenged the session in years past.

But not all of the forty-two workshops were dull. One of the most controversial two-hour seminars examined "Mormonism and Feminism" and packed in more than twenty-five men and women, most of whom left the room steaming when the moderator interrupted the final argument and declared the debate over. For many, the word "feminism" meant only one thing: the ERA. "All those pro-ERA people are polarizing the community," one fifty-year old woman charged. "It's because of all the hangers-on--the homosexuals, abortionists, and perverts."

Grethe Peterson, a member of the panel guiding the discussion, said she would like to see Mormonism and feminism merged together into humanism:

"The Church provides enormous growth potential. The problem comes when we try to sort out the cultural adaptation from doctrine.

"President Kimball has spoken out against the ERA. ERA is not the route--we need to find an alternative route."

Dr. Sally Hess Barlow, another panel member, said: "ERA hopelessly divides us, like the fiasco last summer at the IWY Conference, and I'm sick of it."

Esther Landa, who was awarded the Distinguished woman award this year by conference organizers, urged Utahns to "forget ERA in this state and concentrate on what we agree on. There are issues on which we reach consensus."

But not everyone agreed with Mrs. Landa's philosophy of peaceful coexistence. A constant wave of disgruntled murmurs greeted each speaker's comments, as participants explained to each other why the speaker was either absolutely correct--or hopelessly misguided.

Several women shared "success stories" about enlightening the male consciousness. Typical was the experience of one woman, who approached a Regional Representative about recognizing girls who graduated from Primary in Sacrament Meeting as well as the boys, as the handbook prescribed. The Regional Representative was sympathetic, unlike those at the ward and stake levels who dared not "go against the book," and told her, "As of right now, in this stake the girls will be recognized in Sacrament Meeting with the boys, and I'll see what I can do to change the handbook."

Many women in the room, describing themselves as feminists, said loneliness and alienation were common feelings. Leaders didn't understand their organizations or their objections to some time-honored traditions. This is especially true for Mormon women, some stated.

"Loneliness is a very real problem," Dr. Chase Peterson said, "but my relationship with the Lord is where I relieve my loneliness."

Other workshops examined how relationships between husbands and wives can affect the development of an unborn fetus, mother-daughter ties, how-to-raise-young-children-without-going crazy, and even a seminar for roommates entitled "You Bought Me, You've Got Me."

Warren Farrell, author of *The Liberated Man*, was a hit with the male contingent to the conference. In his own words he discussed "How to communicate after the pressure of politics, sports, business, academic references, and the attitude of men to women sex objects is removed."

Setting the theme of the conference, Mormon poetess Emma Lou Thayne said, "Kindness is at the heart of all relationships, but we have to learn how to be loving and lovable. I don't have a right in the world in any relationship unless I earn it first.

"If you have a good relationship, nothing else matters," she stressed, "and if you have a bad one, nothing else matters either."

Ann Darger Hatch
Salt Lake City, Utah

Exponent II Goes to Congress

Thoughts of the coming season reminded us that last Thanksgiving, during National Family Week, *Exponent II* found its way into the *Congressional Record*. Representative Gunn McKay (D-Utah) talked about the importance of the family to Mormons, and related that he had given a copy of the special volume of the Family Home Evening Manual to Vice President Walter Mondale. He continued:

"Today I would like to include in the *Record* excerpts from an article, "Strategies To Strengthen the Family," by Mrs. Teddie Wood Porter of [then] Berlin, West Germany. The article appeared December 1975 in *Exponent II*, a journal of thought, literature, and opinion published in Cambridge, Mass. and Provo, Utah (sic), by Mormon women. It is not an official publication of the Mormon Church."

The entire text of Sister Porter's article then followed.

Sociologists Take Note

The Society for the Sociological Study of Mormon Life was recently organized at the American Sociological Association meeting in San Francisco. All those interested in joining, or who know of others who might be interested, please write to:

Glen Vernon
Sociology Department
University of Utah
Salt Lake City, Utah 84112

or

JoAnn Menke
9300 Paso Robles Ave.
Northridge, California 91325

Blacks, Priesthood and Sisterhood

I think that we are getting close to the end of time, because I think that we, perhaps, have reached a state of brotherhood.
Ruffin Bridgeforth

Stephanie Bulger

Along with the brotherhood, a new sisterhood has begun to grow in the wake of the revelation opening the priesthood to worthy black men. While the priesthood restriction fell directly on black men, it affected the lives of black women as well. Now those women can be sealed to their husbands and families in the temple, can see their sons ordained to the priesthood, can share even more deeply in the sisterhood of Mormon women.

A white woman in Tooele, Utah, cried with joy when she heard of the revelation--even though she had never met a black person in her life. A white woman called a black member of the Tabernacle Choir, Marilyn Y. Smith, to tell her the news, and Marilyn said, "After she told me, we both had a good cry." Michigan teenagers Valerie Hermann and Stephanie Burton, one white and one black, were taken together into their Mormon boss's office to learn the news; back home after a year as BYU roommates, they hugged each other and cried.

For these women, learning about the revelation was an experience of joy and deepening love. It was a second beginning.

The first beginning for black women in the church came shortly after the restoration of the gospel. Among the early black sisters was Jane Elizabeth Manning James, who traveled to Nauvoo, Illinois, during the time the saints were headquartered there.

"We walked until our shoes were worn out," she wrote, "and our feet became sore and cracked open and bled until you could see the whole print of our feet with blood on the ground. We stopped and united in prayer to the Lord; we asked God the Eternal Father to heal our feet, and our prayers were answered and our feet were healed forthwith."

In Nauvoo, Jane and the other members of her party lived with the Prophet Joseph Smith in his home until he was martyred. Then Jane stayed at the home of Brigham Young, later crossing the plains and remaining active in the church for the rest of her life.

A latter-day descendant of those early pioneers, 76-year-old Lucille Bankhead, is proud that her grandfather was a member of the Mormon Battalion. "I was born in the church," she said emphatically. "I have been active all of my life. I went to the primary, Beehive girls, and I sang in the choir." Today she is Relief Society president for a group of black Mormons called Genesis that meets in Salt Lake.

"It's not easy to suddenly get something you've been denied all these years," she said. "A lot of our people will have to learn to crawl before they can walk, to live worthy of the blessings."

Sister Bankhead has expressed again and again her joy for the young black members of the church. "I know how the young boys who will become deacons feel," she said. "I have a grandson who last Sunday was to go in with the deacon's quorum. I know the heartbreak of not being able to."

Nineteen-year-old Stephanie Bulger is a member of the church because of her mother, Dollie. "When the missionaries came, my mother was living in an apartment with me and my brother, and my father had just had his leg amputated in Vietnam and was in the hospital."

Dollie listened to the missionaries' message and "just loved it. It was a process she could believe in," according to her daughter. The whole family joined the Church, Dollie first, and they have been stalwarts in the Detroit First Ward for many years.

Stephanie is now in her second year at BYU, majoring in foreign affairs and studying French. She wants to graduate and work for the government in Washington, D.C. She plays the piano well and is a very mature, poised young woman.

Her first year at BYU was not easy, and she turned for counsel to Alan Cherry, author and former member of the BYU Young Ambassadors, and to Judy Dunsson, a Centerville social worker. Judy, a black woman, had gone to BYU and knew what Stephanie was experiencing. Stephanie said she found strength in twice-yearly gatherings of black Mormons at Judy's house. Always held at conference time, the meetings were forums for religious and intellectual discussions.

While Stephanie had dated in high school, she was not asked out at BYU. She was constantly stared at, and people she didn't know would say hello. These things bothered her the first year, but this year she says they don't. She has turned her attention more seriously to her career goals.

When Tabernacle Choir member Marilyn Smith heard of the revelation, she said, "My first thought was for my child (Robb McNiel Smith, 21 months old). When he is twelve years old, he can hold the priesthood and be ordained a deacon. Now he won't have to live through the ridicule and downgrading that others of us have."

Marilyn did not have an easy time deciding to marry her returned-missionary husband Robert Smith, whom she met in the Tabernacle Choir. She was worried about the position of the church and the future of their children.

"I called Elder Howard W. Hunter of the Quorum of the Twelve," she said. "He told me that not only would the church give permission, but that it would also give its blessing. Bob and I were married August 2, 1972, by my bishop, David S. Hatch."

The day of the revelation, Marilyn found herself "deluged by affection" and flooded with calls from friends and well-wishers.

To Clydia M. Kelley, a black woman who joined the church in 1962, the revelation is a blessing for her and her ancestors. She had done more than 200 baptisms in the Washington Temple for her family members who have died.

Sister Kelley traveled from her home in Jacksonville, Florida, to see the Washington Temple before it was dedicated. "I saw the bride's room and fell in love with it," she said. "My niece was with me and said how wonderful it would be to be married in the temple. I explained that only worthy priesthood holders and their brides could be married there."

"I always felt that the barrier would someday be lifted," she said, "and that my people would have the full benefits of the temple ordinances."

Mrs. Shirley Frazier and her five children were baptized in Phoenix, Arizona, about four years ago. "There are a lot of blacks in Phoenix, but not a lot of black Mormons," she said. "We always had the 'Uncle Tom' stigma. We only felt secure when we were with members."

Shirley had faith that a revelation would come, but she never thought she'd see it in her life. She said she has long yearned for a temple marriage. Her husband, John, a white man, "will be able to give the boys the priesthood soon," she said. "He's been so good with helping us be familiar with the priesthood."

Of the church's 4.2 million members, fewer than 1,000 are black, according to *Time* magazine. *Newsweek* said estimates range from 1,000 to 5,000 (there is no way of knowing for sure since church records don't indicate race). Their numbers are small, but the testimonies of these women are firm, strengthened by their own resolve to eliminate hidden discrimination, and by sincere love from other church members. As a renewed sisterhood grows up around these black women, it will help bind all Mormon sisters together.

Chris Rigby Arrington
New York, New York

Ladies of the Press

Latter-day Saint women have always made interesting material for newspaper people to write about. Because of the peculiar set-up of the Mormon community, our grand- and great-grandmothers made good copy to a curious world which wanted to know how Mormon women fared, what they felt and thought about.

However, in the little town of Panguitch, Utah, at the turn of the century lived two young sisters, Gladys and Winnie Delong (Mrs. Alma Banks and Mrs. Winnie Morris) who were "Ladies of the Press" on the writing side of the fence. They edited the old *Panguitch Progress*, and were the youngest editors and publishers of a bona fide newspaper in the country at that time.

The *Progress* had been owned by a corporation of men of the county. The Delong girls had worked for the former editor, but when he left, Gladys and Winnie were given the chance to take it over, which they did, becoming the sole editors, publishers, and typesetters of the paper. Since at the ages of nineteen and twenty they were minors, their father, Albert Delong, had to sign the legal papers for them, but he had nothing to do with the paper otherwise.

Gladys, who later became a school teacher for many years, did the writing and Winnie set the type. The type was hand set, of course, on a hand press called the printer's devil.

All social events of the time--"Going to the Panguitch Lake for July 24th celebration," dances in the Ward Hall, births of new babies, the visits of Church authorities, parties of all kinds--were put in the paper and eagerly read each week.

Sometimes quaint mistakes appeared. Winnie remembers there was consternation one week when a birth announcement said, "a sow was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dewell." (W's and N's were easy to mistake.) This announcement carried special hilarity since there were already nine sons "busting out all over" in this home before the most recent birth.

The years have come and gone, bringing large families and many Church activities to these typical Latter-day Saint sisters. But with smiles and backward glances, these Ladies of the Press fondly remember the hard work, the fun, and the interest of the three years during which they published the *Panguitch Progress* at a time when it was a novel thing, indeed, for women to do such work.

Betty Showalter Cline
El Monte, California

Winnie Delong, the Panguitch Progress's *typesetter, and Gladys Delong, the editor.*

Fall Fireside

Women throughout the Church were invited to an unprecedented Fireside, which was sent by direct wire to stakes outside the Salt Lake area, on September 16. President Kimball applauded the idea of the fireside, which was the brain child of the recently-released President Ruth Funk of the Young Women's Mutual. President Kimball was invited to speak at the meeting, along with Sister Barbara Smith, president of the Relief Society, Sister Funk, and Sister Elaine Cannon, the new president of the Mutual.

The idea of this meeting piqued the curiosity of sisters throughout the Church. Many were thrilled that a special meeting was being held for women, making explicit the previously only implicit feeling that Relief Society women, too, have a responsibility for the progress of the Kingdom. It seemed only fitting that the Prophet and the female leaders of the Church prepare messages for the sisters.

Many were apprehensive that they would be told once again not to be misled by the changing time, in which women are being encouraged to develop their "whole selves," but to pursue only traditional roles of nurturing and supporting. Sure that the meeting would once again center on families and women in the home, one single woman feared the same exclusionary treatment which she had experienced in the past.

However, this meeting had, for many, a rather different tone. It was characterized by more carefully chosen words, and was designed to promote principles rather than dictate practices.

Underlying all that was said was a distinctive message of love and new hope for acceptance and understanding of the varieties of women in the Church.

Sister Funk, the first speaker of the evening, opened the hearts of many, eschewing as she did generalizations, yet speaking with conviction founded in her personal experience. She told the story of being guided to carry her baby to term at the risk of her life, but added: "I do not suggest that all women in my situation would receive the same guidance. They may be directed otherwise." She thereby acknowledged the importance of personal revelation as the final source of guidance, indicating that people must accept the responsibility of free agency.

Sister Elaine Cannon's talk attempted to include all varieties of circumstances in her implied definition of righteous women, and yet she was clear that we as Mormons do define principles for guidelines. She talked about applying principles creatively according to individual choice, while letting belief in a common set of principles unify the women of the Church. Our unity and our diversity were acknowledged and applauded.

Sister Cannon also spoke very matter-of-factly about the problem of timing--few lives follow the course as charted in childhood. Whether opportunity for training and career comes pre- or post-children, whether marriage comes at 20 or 40--time has a way of equalizing all. We were left encouraged to appreciate, not envy, each others' situations.

Sister Smith focused her talk on basic principles of prayer, scripture study, and studying the words of the prophet. She was able to discuss those principles without implying that some applications (timing choices, personal pursuits) are more righteous than others. Sister Smith emphasized (though others had mentioned) the importance of serving in the broader community, beyond Mormondom.

Personal responsibility, free agency, and service to home and community were themes of the Fireside, all accentuated by the love radiated by President Kimball.

He reinforced these themes with encouragement that we be "prepared to serve in the community," "articulate, as well as affectionate," and "conscientious in learning to communicate well in the public forum."

Many single, divorced, and widowed women were elated to feel the arm of the Prophet reaching out to them as well as those in "complete" family situations. Although President Kimball reiterated that the family remains of ultimate import, he also wanted those not part of "ideal" families to know they were both loved and recognized as righteous women.

The reactions of women currently in the home appear to be mixed. One newly married woman, who has been struggling with the idea of having a family, said that from the meeting she had for the first time "gained a warmer feeling toward motherhood and my ability to cope with it."

One bishop's wife was concerned about the woman whose last child just left on a mission. Was she left to feel inadequate. . . feeling that she had "followed counsel" during a time when contributing outside the home wasn't encouraged? Does she now feel that the rules are being changed, leaving her ill-prepared to make the now-encouraged contribution?

Some sisters were disturbed by a comment that we as women are important "because we are the mothers of men."

A professional woman reported feeling relieved: "I didn't have to go home crying, once again frustrated that 'the counsel' and my personal confirmations disagreed." Another added that she felt all the more committed to making sure her decisions were in keeping with the Lord's guidance to her. The tone encouraged the Lord's plan from the beginning: exercise your free agency responsibly.

That reactions varied so much adds to one's sympathy for the task of our leaders in planning meetings. One's stage in life, the influences to be dealt with inside and outside the home, and the presence or absence of support from local Church members and leaders all affected individual responses to the meeting.

No matter what one's personal reaction may have been, there is no question that the women of the Church are being asked to make decisions carefully. At the same time, an important precedent for hearing from the female leaders has no doubt been set.

Diane McKinney

A Woman's Convention

On Wednesday, Oct. 4th, at 2 o'clock p.m., the officers and members of the Relief Society from all the different wards of the city and vicinity convened in the Council House by previous appointment. President Miss E. R. Snow arose and explained to the sisters that President B. Young would not be present, as had been anticipated, but would send his private Secretary, which motions were unanimously carried.

After the opening exercises, the assemblage being too large to be accommodated in the Council House, the meeting adjourned to the Old Tabernacle. Elder George Reynolds, having arrived with President Young's communication, arose and addressed the sisters on the object of the meeting and read the following letter from President Young:

"Salt Lake City
Oct. 4th, 1876

"To the President, and Members of the Relief Societies, in meeting assembled at the Council House this afternoon.

"Dear Sisters.--It would be very gratifying to us if you could form an association to start business in the capacity of disposing of home-made articles, such as are manufactured among ourselves, for the benefit of the Latter-day Saints; also to make a selection from among the sisters, members of this association, to take charge and carry on this business on commission or by purchase, and to transact all the business pertaining to this institution. If you cannot be satisfied with the selection of sisters from among yourselves to take charge, we will render you assistance by furnishing a competent man for the transaction of the financial matters of the establishment.

"Your brother in the Gospel,
"Brigham Young."

After reading this letter, Brother Reynolds made some very suggestive and appropriate remarks on home industries and the great desire President Young felt to have the people push forward in the development of home-manufacture.

An organization was formed by electing the following persons as officers of the association: Miss E. R. Snow, President; Mrs. Priscilla Stains, Vice President; Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, Secretary; Mrs. Bathsheba Smith, Treasurer; Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball, Mrs. Lydia Ann Wells, Mrs. Phebe Woodruff, Mrs. Presendia Kimball, Directors.

Many excellent remarks were made by the officers and such suggestions by Miss E. R. Snow and others, as were adapted to the occasion and organization of the association. After all the business had been transacted which seemed requisite at the time, the officers of the board were requested to meet at the Old Constitution building at 6 o'clock the same evening, and after singing and prayer the Convention adjourned sine die.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY WOMAN'S MERCANTILE ASSOCIATION

Has opened a store for the sale of home manufactures in the building lately occupied by the Woman's Centennial Territorial Fair, known as the Old Constitution Building, opposite Z.C.M.I. store.

We are now ready to receive home made useful and ornamental articles of all kinds, which we will sell on commission.

Many of our citizens have felt the want of a place devoted exclusively to Utah productions, and now that we are, in accordance with the wishes of President Young, uniting our humble efforts in this direction, we confidently trust that we shall not only have the support of all branches of the Relief Society throughout the valleys of the mountains, but also of our brethren and all others who feel an interest in the future welfare and prosperity of Utah.

Commencing as we do without capital we wish it distinctly understood that at present we can only sell on commission.

ELIZA R. SNOW, President
PRISCILLA M. STAINS, Vice President
ELIZABETH DAVIS, Secretary

Woman's Exponent
15 October 1876

Dedicating the Monuments

From June 28th to June 30th the new Latter-day Saint Monument to Women in Nauvoo, Illinois, was dedicated daily. The monument consists of a heroic central figure of a woman surrounded by twelve other life-sized bronze figures. Some time ago President Spencer W. Kimball suggested that there be erected such a monument, and Relief Society President Barbara Smith concurred. Eventually the two sculptures by Florence Peterson Hansen and the eleven by Dennis Smith were modelled, cast, and set in a beautiful garden. Relief Society sisters, whose donations had paid for the impressive and expensive project, came from around the world to witness the dedication.

I was privileged to get one of the eight tickets allotted to our Wilmington, Delaware Stake. Despite the necessary pre-planning and the considerable cost, many sisters were eager to go. On Wednesday, June 28th at 4 a.m. six of us took to the road. Two others of our party took the train.

We followed our AAA maps over the green hills of Maryland, through Pennsylvania, where the grassy embankments were lush with pink crown-vetch. We crossed the Susquehannah, the Shenandoah, the Monongahela. On we went over the lumpy roads of West Virginia, through Ohio where the sky formed a hemisphere of perfect blue. We crossed Indiana and Illinois, finally stopping for the night at Springfield, almost 900 miles away from Delaware, a trip which took us 18 hours on the road.

The next morning we took the final, back-woods leg to Quincy, Illinois, a place that was friendly to the Saints in their troubles in the 1840's and which took us in as well. As Nauvoo, Illinois, is centrally isolated, with few facilities of any kind, the massive influx of visitors were billeted in motels up to 100 miles away. Quincy is not too far distant, but a road difficulty required that the driver who ferried the bus for our tours had to cross the Mississippi to Missouri and travel up to Keokuk before crossing back and coming down to Nauvoo. We were over an hour and a half in travel time from our motel.

Because of Nauvoo's small size, visitors were encouraged into the town for one day only. Our first dedicatory day was spent touring Hannibal Missouri, the home of Mark Twain and Shoeless Joe. Missouri was lush, green, hot, and sultry, an old red brick town which has made but few sketchy gestures toward modernization. We dutifully peered at Mark Twain's boyhood home, the law office, the Grant Drugstore, and the Pilaster house before going off to the craft and antique stores and ice cream parlors. In the late afternoon we took a leisurely paddle up and down the muddy Mississippi in a spruce-white steamer.

Hannibal was full of Relief Society sisters, modest ladies of a certain age in skirts or pant suits, their hair neatly bouffant. It was an expectant, reverential crowd, flowing around in good humor. Unknown to each other as we were, for the most part, there was still a remarkable closeness, the feeling of sisterhood. Every one of us shared a common heritage, experiences, and assumptions. We could strike up an acquaintance with any one person and soon find ourselves with a friend, common friends, telling personal stories, making connections.

It wasn't until nightfall that we reached Nauvoo and wandered through the sculpture gardens. The statues are much more impressive and moving in person than in the pictures I had seen. The figures are romanticized, ideal, and they are laid out in patterns that dramatize life and suggest behavior.

Florence P. Hansen's statue of Joseph giving money for the poor to Emma stands near the Visitor's Center. The beginning of the Relief Society, of woman's charity, of Emma's public life as Relief Society President is symbolized here.

Next comes a group of statues by Dennis Smith--a circle centered by a large female figure. Young, strong, confident, she is to represent all women, their challenges and achievements. Four figures representing desirable aspects of individual woman surround this large figure. A kneeling figure suggests "Woman in Prayer," a woman reading a book represents "Woman Learning," a figure with an arm reaching out in service represents "Compassionate Woman." The importance of developing "Woman and her Talents" is shown by a sculptor working on a female head. This last statue using sculpture as a talent is particularly nice as a microcosm of the monument itself, and also because the woman is actually recreating herself, something the statues urge us to do.

After that circle which indicates woman and her interior life, the next circle is woman in her family. The figures in this group show stages of relationship. "Courtship for Eternity" has a young couple gazing into each other's eyes. "In the Family Circle" has a small girl stepping gingerly between her parents, within the circle of their outstretched arms. A small daughter walks "In Her Mother's Footsteps" as she follows after her pretty mother who carries a baby. A mother stands behind her son with her hands on his shoulder in "Preparing her Son." The central figure in this group of statues is the "Joyful Moment" when a mother and three children are caught ringing rosy in happy abandon. All pleasure should be so graceful. The final piece in this group is Florence Hansen's second statue entitled "Teaching with Love" which depicts a mother, a daughter, and a violin. This serene, gracious mother encloses her daughter within the circle of her caring. The daughter, her teeth still too big for her mouth, her hair a little stringy, looks up to her mother with perfect trust. I find this particular statue as moving and inspirational as any.

The final figure at the far end of the garden court is entitled "Fulfillment." Here an old woman sits in a rocking chair and sews a bronze quilt flowing over her lap and down over the pedestal. The circles in her double-wedding-ring quilt represent her marriage, the circles of a woman's life, the circles of the garden, and the eternal nature of life. Though woman is alone at the end, she is part of many larger patterns.

What is the dominant image of woman in these statues? She is young, slim, girlish in long dresses with puffed and flowing sleeves. Except for the mature figure in "Fulfillment," these women are in their teens, twenties, early thirties. The sturdy, heroic matron of earlier Church art has been replaced by this fragile and decorative figure who is still strong, capable, efficient.

"Teaching with Love" by Florence P. Hansen

As we wandered the garden, a crowd began to form around the statue of Joseph and Emma where the Relief Society General Presidency, Barbara Smith, Janath Cannon, and Marian Boyer, were posing for pictures with former President Belle Spafford. The General Board formed a cordon around the group to keep the crowds at a distance. These gracious ladies contrasted sharply with the hot, travel-worn visitors. The Board with their well-cared-for faces, their pretty hair, and their flowing dresses looked cool and fresh, as if they could have posed for the statues themselves. Here then is the current Relief Society model. Say goodbye to the buxom, bun-haired matron in the gingham apron of yesteryear. A restrained youthful glamour is the new look.

Over on the hill a group of young dancers in bronze costumes moved to "Appalachian Spring," finishing their dance posed on pedestals even as the statues. We placed our blankets on the lawn (protection against chiggers) in view of the panoramic stage. We had come to see "Because of Elizabeth," a musical production honoring the Dedication of the Monument to Women, written and directed by Moana E. Bennett.

"Because of Elizabeth," part pageant, part docu-drama, part musical, part straight play, focuses on the lives of women in the early Church. Joseph appears briefly, Brigham not at all, though he is quoted in one of the show's liveliest numbers "Brother Brigham Says--." Instead the central character is the beautiful, refined, charming convert from England, Elizabeth. A fictional character based on a wide reading of diaries and letters, she marries, gives birth, and sees loved ones die against a background of Nauvoo and the western move.

Elizabeth bears children under hardship, becomes a midwife herself and eventually delivers over a thousand babies. Her beloved husband is frequently absent--he marches with the Battalion and serves three missions. She is only a little too good to be true. When her husband leaves her pregnant, with a toddler, alone on the trail, she is genuinely distraught. After the death of her own premature daughter she has a very hard time attending to the lying-in of another woman. But she does all that is required of her. She endures, sustains, prevails. At the end, as she stands at the apex of her descendants, grouped in families across the vast stage, she makes evident the impact a fruitful woman can have over time. In the last line a great-great-great-granddaughter names her daughter Elizabeth after her ancestor who was "quite a lady."

The play has some very nice moments. As Elizabeth writes a letter to her absent husband telling of sorrows, loneliness, mob harrassment, one wife after another joins in the litany until the stage is full of isolated women pouring out their hearts through the mails. Lucy Mack Smith's lament after the martyrdom of her sons was another powerful moment. The part was played with strength and dignity by Arta Ballif, the author's mother.

The story brings in the feminist accomplishments of early LDS women in a dramatic fashion. The *Woman's Exponent*, grain saving, work toward woman suffrage, even the story of a mother off to medical school were included. The Relief Society's charitable work was dramatized. Interestingly there was no mention of plural marriage, a very difficult topic to consider within the framework of our modern romantic love and marriage. I thought that avoiding this issue was a weakness, but I don't know how the topic could be comfortably dealt with.

The production was very slick and impressive with sprightly songs by Larry Bastian and Duane Hiatt. The pre-recorded sound track was easily heard. The costumes, sets, and dancing were very nice, and the show one-upped all the pioneer pageants to date in one respect--they had live oxen which were driven across the stage!

"Because of Elizabeth" will be shown again as part of the sesqui-centennial (150 years) anniversary of the Church in 1980. After that a shortened version will probably be made available for use in individual wards. It is fortunate that the show will play again since it was rained out for two of the five performances.

We had gotten back to our motel about 1:30 that night, steeled to rise in time for a 6:15 departure for the dedication at 9:00 the next day. We left early enough to allow for any difficulties on the road. As there were none, we pulled into the parking lot before 8:00, in time to get excellent seats in the big tent set up in case of rain. The weather was grim--87° before 7 A.M. and oppressively humid. With pounding headaches and no place to rest, some of us doubted that we would make it through the day.

Barbara Smith smoothly conducted the dedicatory meeting, spending fifteen minutes acknowledging those who helped. She read a number of congratulatory messages, including one from the Governor of Illinois, who apologized for sending the Mormons away and urged them to come back. The Mormon mayor of Nauvoo, the first since Joseph, stood to applause. Sister Kimball, in lace fichu and pioneer garb, spoke of the role motherhood has played through the generations.

The major address was given each day by a different authority--L. Tom Perry, Bruce R. McConkie, and Ezra T. Benson. Brother Benson spoke at our meeting. He declared himself honored to be in the presence of so many "elect women" who performed a "unique and sacred work" in the eternal plan. He stressed the personality and temperamental differences between men and women. The charity and benevolence inherent in women temper man's striving disposition. He said women should work toward meekness, love, and purity and quoted Joseph Smith, who said the labors of women should be confined to those around them, the circle of their acquaintance, and mostly to those of the Relief Society. He was moved to tears as he spoke of his own wonderful wife.

Belle Spafford spoke with her usual eloquence and strength of the vast sisterhood and the dignity and trust of women in the gospel

plan. She stressed the personal development and useful service available through the Relief Society. Janath Cannon compared the sculpture garden to the Garden of Eden and the Mount of Olives and suggested that visitors make this Nauvoo garden a garden of decision to follow the Saviour in the path that leads to eternal exaltation. Marian Boyer spoke of gifts and talents and described the careers of the sculptors of the statues.

Barbara Smith spoke of the irreplaceable contribution of women to life and used the statues as a metaphor to describe the circles of a woman's influence. She recalled the old days in Nauvoo and quoted the blessing that Emma had written for herself when Joseph, on his way to Carthage, had been too busy to give her one. He told her to write one up and he would sign it on his return. Emma shows herself unexpectedly articulate, and I expect this blessing to be much quoted in the future.

The music for each dedicatory meeting was performed by combined Relief Society choirs from nearby stakes. Each group performed "Invocation" by Julia Smith, one of the Relief Society prize songs of the current year, and a selection from Merrill Bradshaw's Relief Society arrangements. The group we heard from Nebraska and Missouri looked lovely in pastel dresses, knew their music by heart, and sang beautifully as one voice.

President Spencer W. Kimball spoke of the loftiness of women and challenging responsibilities and gave the dedicatory prayer. After the benediction, the dignitaries were escorted out through an avenue of flags carried by women in long white gowns representing all the countries where the Relief Society is organized.

That afternoon the restored and historic buildings were open to be visited. Elaborate schedules had been prepared to prevent long lines. Some of us, enervated by the heat, spent the first hour under an apple tree. Gradually we pulled ourselves together and wandered off to the temple site where the boundaries of the Nauvoo temple are outlined in stone on grassy hillocks. Only a few people were around. We gradually became aware that President Kimball was there, probably for some picture taking. That over, he was being moved toward his car by his entourage. He saw us coming and left his group to greet us and shake hands, a kindly gesture which meant a great deal to us.

The planning committee had included a number of nice touches to make the afternoon pleasant. Buses shuttled between the sites and guides gave a running commentary of things to be seen. Singing groups of various description serenaded the people waiting in line. Strollers passing by would pause to listen and then whip out their cameras. Food booths, manned by corps of women in long yellow pinafores, offered fresh pineapple, *peeled* oranges, and cold apples, luscious roast chicken and fresh Nauvoo grape juice, milk and eight-inch sugar cookies. Considering that everything had to be brought in from great distances, the arrangements were very impressive.

After visiting a few historic buildings, we gravitated toward the air-conditioned visitor's center and were drawn toward the darkened, soft-seated auditorium. There we dozed through several showings of the introductory film which we found most enjoyable.

Out in the lobby Barbara Smith and her counselors signed autographs and chatted with visitors passing through. I understand that they--as well as other officials and the sculptors--were available in this informal way each afternoon, and I thought it was admirable that they made themselves so accessible and pleasant. Late in the afternoon, we visited Carthage jail before returning to our Quincy motel.

That evening our group of eight gathered for a short meeting to plan the return trip and talk of the highlights. One had particularly enjoyed Elder Benson's talk about loving wives and mothers. Another had spent some time with her sister there. Another enjoyed talking with the other visiting sisters and sharing experiences with them. Another liked the statues themselves and the stories of how they had been created. The statues had particular meaning because we had all contributed to them and some in the name of loved ones. Another chose the pageant and the visit we had had with the author, Moana Bennett. We all enjoyed the chance to talk to people from Salt Lake and from the whole Church. We remember the warmth and sisterhood we experienced with great pleasure. And next time you all are passing through Nauvoo, be sure to call on the bronze ladies.

CLB

Early Mormon Sisterhood

On a rare occasion when she was alone, Emmeline B. Wells sat at her desk musing about the house she was in:

Whether notable or not, the house now occupied by the writer is certainly historical in many ways. Old and gray and weather beaten, built in the very earliest time of the settlement of the great City . . . Many are the pleasant associations connected with this old house in the mind and heart of the writer . . . That delightful past lies in its richness still and sweetens the lonely present.

For seven years prior to her writing these thoughts, that home had been the office of the *Woman's Exponent* and, she continued, "as many . . . of the leading women of the community . . . have gathered in this particular house from time to time as in any one house in Utah."

Emmeline Wells, editor of the *Woman's Exponent*, wrote those sentiments in 1892 shortly before "the little house behind the stone wall" was to be destroyed to make room for a finer structure more appropriate for the location. The little adobe house at 25 East South Temple in Salt Lake had been built by Brigham Young but was occupied for most of its years by Daniel H. Wells, Emmeline's husband. It resonated with memories of what it had once been, and in the years it had served as the *Exponent* office, it had stored within its walls another treasury of memories of those who came often for social and spiritual sustenance.

The circumstances of Mormon life often left women alone for long periods of time, frequently necessitating their assuming traditional male responsibilities as providers and heads of households. Sharing the common realities of their female roles in this Mormon society--frequent pregnancies, precarious childbirths, raising their children, providing a living, managing a household, participating in a variety of "home industries," and caring for the sick and the dead--Mormon women wherever they lived developed networks of mutual support, companionship and affection. The network of sisterhood encompassing Emmeline Wells included many of the prominent women of the Church living in Salt Lake, and their highly visible activities demonstrate the extent and effectiveness of these supportive systems. The *Exponent* office proved to be a center of communication for those whose lives were touched by this particular network. The pages of the *Exponent*, in addition to personal diaries, describe a highly developed complex of women's lives and activities. At the apex was Eliza R. Snow, around whom all Mormon women's organized associations clustered. Some of the others were Zina D.H. Young, close friend and associate of Emmeline Wells, the doctors Ellis Shipp and Romania Pratt Penrose, Hannah T. King, poetess and frequent contributor to the *Exponent*, and Sarah M. Kimball, active suffragist.

This supportive network became institutionalized in social rituals accompanying all of the important events in a woman's life. Anniversaries of births, marriages, and deaths were commemorated by social gatherings evoking high-flown eulogisms to each other, most of which

Emmeline B. Wells

were later published in the *Exponent*. One such gathering of twelve sisters occurred on the ninth anniversary of the death of writer Hannah T. King and was held at the home of Julia C. Howe. The *Woman's Exponent* reported:

Sister Howe had prepared little momentoes on cards from the author's Songs of the Heart, *most of them from the poem "Life." These were very appropriate having been selected for each one with great care and were in the handwriting of the hostess.*

After tea (the ladies preferred hot water) and dainty delicacies were served, "Sister Lydia Alder read the verses that were commented upon" and Emmeline Wells read a personal unpublished poem of Sister King's dedicated to Helen Mar Whitney, one of the guests. The occasion was marked by buoyant spirits and tender memories, and all agreed to meet again the following year.

One of the strongest bonding rituals which developed among these women was the nineteenth century institution of visiting. Editor Wells complained in an *Exponent* editorial that the women of her generation, with all their labor-saving devices, did not accomplish nearly as much as their mothers and grandmothers who "used to visit, really visit, socially." Now, she regretted, "we cannot get time even to make brief calls." The facts belie her words, however, at least from a present-day perspective. The women of Emmeline's day, as her own diaries attest, assiduously participated in this largely female activity--visiting, comforting, and assisting when needed. The *Exponent* office served this practice well, providing a central location to which women gathered both formally and informally. Whether it was housed in the Old Constitution Building, the Council House, the Templeton Building, or in the little house behind the wall, the office brought women together to share, support, and socialize. It was the headquarters for the Relief Society and the suffrage association; literary and writing groups were organized there, and the committees on home industries held their meetings in its rooms. How often Emmeline Wells recorded in her diary the number of visitors who came to the office each day, sometimes annoyingly interfering with business, but generally very welcome. On 8 March 1881, she made a typical entry: "The office was full all day long; some controversy here about novels and poetry. Mrs. [Hannah T.] King, [Emily] Woodmansee, and [Elizabeth] Howard and other ladies were in and quite an interesting conversation occupied an hour or more." The *Exponent* office offered an outlet for social discourse among women from which they were usually excluded when they attended mixed gatherings.

The strongest ties were formed in shared spiritual experiences. A unique ritual available to selected Mormon women gave them both the responsibility and the privilege of administering to the sick and to their children and blessing and annointing women in confinement. Such occasions usually brought several women together, and the uniting of faith and prayers and the manifestations of spiritual gifts continually strengthened the bond of love and sisterhood. Though Emmeline Wells, as *Exponent* editor, entertained many noted visitors in her home, none of their visits, she wrote, were of the value that the "beautiful little meetings were which the sisters often held in my house." How moving it was to "hear the glorious testimonies born by Sister [Isabella] Horne, Sister Eliza Snow, and the rich history told by Sarah M. Kimball, Sarepta Heywood, Elizabeth Howard, and the others; and the wonderful singing [in tongues] of Mother [Elizabeth Ann] Whitney, with its beautiful interpretation by Aunt Zina [D.H. Young]."

Emmeline B. Wells was the embodiment of the spirit of these associations. She both gave and received of the strength they represented. Her life was circumscribed by sisterly bonding from which she drew sustenance and support. Living apart from her husband as an independent plural wife, rearing five daughters by herself, working exclusively within women's organizations, and editing a woman's paper dealing with women's issues, she lived in a world with only peripheral male involvement. She once wrote, "I believe in women." Her faith was not misplaced.

Carol Cornwall Madsen
Salt Lake City, Utah

Counsel, Be Seated

Like many other women, my dreams of graduating from college and embarking on an exciting career were willingly put aside at the time I married. In my case, a mission to Argentina preceded the marriage, postponing, I thought at the time, the completion of my formal education to some far distant future. Nevertheless, I was back in school off and on for the next twelve years following my wedding day. I have had many women ask me why and how I combined law school with raising a family, so I decided to share my experiences with a larger audience.

My husband, Dave, was a student during the first five years of our marriage. He had encouraged me to continue going to school also, but I was more interested in having babies. After our second child was born during Dave's first year of law school, I began to miss school and the opportunities for growing and learning that I had given up so lightly, so I began taking classes. In 1970 we both graduated, he with a law degree from USC, and I with a political science degree from UCLA.

At that point I knew for certain that I wanted to go to law school, but my only alternative seemed to be to stay home with my pre-schoolers while Dave began his career. We knew from Dave's experience that law school is a full-time occupation, so I planned to wait until my youngest child was in the third grade and in school all day. However, when my younger boy was about to begin kindergarten, Dave insisted on checking out a school that was just a few miles from where we lived.

While lacking in prestige, the University of San Fernando Valley College of Law had the advantage of flexibility in scheduling. The school offered a part-time, daytime program that required four years of study instead of the usual three. Dave went with me to register, to make sure that I went through with it. I wanted to go, but I was full of doubts.

Jonny went off to kindergarten, and Mommy went off to law school. I went three mornings a week, from 8 to 11 a.m. On those mornings, Dave usually stayed home until the kids left. If he couldn't stay, I went to school late. Dave was an invaluable help. In addition to giving me the courage to do it, he showed me the best way to study, how to brief cases, and how to use the hornbooks.

There were about eighty students in my part-time class. One-fourth of them were women, many married and with school-aged children. The men students were also older than the average law student. Some were changing careers, or needed legal training to advance. Most of us were together for the next four years, and we became close friends. Being the only active Mormon in a group like this was a new experience for me.

Traditionally law school requires two to three hours of study for every hour in the classroom. I was able to study in the afternoons while the kids were playing, and occasionally in the evenings before exams. Part-time students had to attend a six-week summer session, during which I had to get a sitter. I had been released from my Primary teaching job, and the bishop cooperated by not giving me another Church job until after I completed my first year.

My second year was exciting, interesting, and happy. For the first time in my life, I allowed myself to become very competitive. With Dave's encouragement, I decided to try for an editorial position on the law review, which as one of the top 3% of my class I was eligible for. This meant raising my grades, impressing the present editorial board members with my capacity, and writing a good student article which might be chosen for publication in the next issue of the law review.

Everything seemed to come together for me that year. In addition to school and home, I taught the cultural refinement lessons in Relief Society. At the end of the year, I was accepted for an editorial position. My article on the rights of mental patients was to be published. My grades placed me at the top of my class. Not only was I to be a student articles editor, but I would be working closely with a good friend, Jean.

Just as everything had come together during my second year, in my third year everything fell apart.

It began with the law review. Working with the other editors turned out to be much more difficult than I had imagined. Differences of opinion turned into battles of will. Editorial board meetings lasted hours, with little being accomplished.

At this time my fourth grader began having problems with school. Family demands conflicted with law review and school. My husband's involvement in a business venture did not turn out as we had hoped, causing financial difficulties. We had to lower our standard of living, which added to the existing pressures on our marriage, and contributed to my son's insecurities.

My co-editor and friend resigned from the law review because her blood pressure had become dangerously high and because she was disgusted with the lack of cooperation among the board members. I refused to quit, feeling compelled to stick it out to the end. I had promised to serve a full year, and I wanted to prove that I would not be a quitter when things became difficult. My grades dropped considerably and I became depressed. Looking back, I can see that it was a year of growth--or, at least, preparation for growth. I had to accept myself as less than perfect and admit that I could not do it all.

At the beginning of my last year, I decided I had had enough of law review, and instead spent more time becoming acquainted with my classmates. Law school had given me the chance to meet many people from very different backgrounds. We had many long discussions in the student lounge. The women students discovered that despite our different backgrounds, there were many similarities in the way we had been raised. We had all been brought up to be wives and mothers, and were considered unconventional in having stepped beyond the roles expected of us. Our parents had similar attitudes towards sex, the importance of family life, and the place of women. These attitudes were reinforced by our respective churches. Perhaps our similarities may be attributed to our belonging to the generation that grew up in the late fifties and early sixties, when such attitudes were the norm in America. We hoped we could work part-time until our children were almost grown, and we worried about the conflicts and effects of full-time work on family life.

After four years, we were finally ready to take the bar exam. We signed up for a review course that met six days a week, and were supposed to spend six to eight hours a day studying. I tried so hard to follow all instructions perfectly that I made myself sick. Just sitting through the two and a half day exam was one of the challenges of my life, since I had to contend with nausea and exhaustion. I still hadn't learned that it isn't necessary to be absolutely perfect to accomplish my goals.

I passed. My marriage survived. My children were happy. The day of the swearing in, the whole family drove to Los Angeles to attend the ceremony. After the admittees stood as a group to repeat the oath, the official stated, "Counsel, Be Seated!" I think the entire group felt a little startled. At last we were attorneys!

I'm optimistic about the future, about the feasibility of working part-time for awhile. Later on, I have many options, including government, politics, community affairs, business, or a full-blown legal career.

At the end of our first year in school, about fifty of the original eighty remained. The others flunked or dropped out, which is normal for a first-year law class. Of those remaining, most lasted through the four years. All of the women who made it had the support of their husbands, or were extremely independent and motivated. Those whose husbands were not behind them fell by the wayside by the second year. The married women seemed to have an easier time than the single women, who usually worked as well as attended school. Perhaps we managed better because we had someone to encourage us in our discouraging moments. Even part-time law school is a full-time commitment, and the support of our husbands and families was one element crucial to our success.

Susan Woodland Howard
Santa Barbara, California

A Woman and a Daughter of God

The Relief Society president in a ward where I once lived was a brilliant, talented woman--capable, I thought, of doing almost anything. She cared for a lovely, pleasant home, a husband and four children, painted, played the piano, excelled in a variety of homemaking skills and, like most Relief Society presidents, gave more hours in compassionate service than the rest of the ward members together.

Her youngest had just started first grade and her eldest was approaching mission age when she and her husband assessed their budget and found it inadequate to support a missionary. Reluctantly, she decided to look for a job.

"I can't do it," she told me after her first interview. "I went into that office and saw all those men working and I just don't know how they do it. It's been so long since I've worked . . ."

"But you're a brilliant, well-educated woman," I argued. "You can do anything you choose to do."

"Perhaps," she answered, but there was no faith behind her reply.

Shortly thereafter, her husband received a job offer which dissolved the necessity for her to seek work. I was pleased for her because I knew how reluctant she was to give up the time spent in church work and service. Yet I was also sorry that she had left the job market with so little confidence in her own ability.

Since then I have decided that many LDS women *do* need to be liberated--not from homes or husbands, faith or femininity--but from inferior self-concepts.

As women, we are one of our Father's greatest creations. We have the seed of godhood in our future. Yet how often do we hear intelligent, capable women saying "I can't"? If it is the Savior's purpose to help us attain perfection, then surely it is an evil purpose which prompts us to be self-critical and self-deprecating.

I am not suggesting that we must participate in everything the world offers, but when we choose not to participate, let it be a matter of choice, not lack of confidence.

To aid myself in a more Christ-like appraisal of my own life, I have formulated three principles:

1. *Maintain a sense of eternal identity and worth.* We are daughters of God, capable of achieving exaltation. No flat tire, college degree or office job is greater than we. Our Heavenly Father loves us and expects us to grow.

2. *Develop a positive outlook.* If I started each day thinking of the trials and tribulations that might befall, I would never get out of bed. Instead, I try to tell myself each morning that today will be a good day and that I will accomplish.

3. *Remember you are not alone.* The Lord is with us. Because of his intervention, our sins can be forgiven, our weaknesses made strong, and our lives improved. We have only to call on Him.

There are hazards in developing a positive appraisal of our own worth. One of my favorite posters features the "Peanuts" character Linus in a gloomy posture with the words, "There is no heavier burden than a great potential." When we accept the premise of our own potential greatness, we also do away with many excuses for inaction. The only alternative is to get up and do.

One of the most talented and capable women I know, my mother, has managed to run a home, raise five children, maintain a full-time, professional career, and give many hours to church service while still continuing her education and developing her skills and talents. One way she has been able to do all this has been to follow a simple, but efficient, schedule of household management. First, she works out a time-efficient routine for daily chores and puts them behind her as early as possible. Second, she tries to do each day one thing that will not have to be done again the next day (all the washing, all the ironing, all the baking), one thing each week that will not have to be done the next week (all the mending, all the window washing), and one thing each month which will have lasting significance (a new generation on her pedigree chart, a quilt made, a sweater knitted). This method has allowed her to move forward and accomplish more than the household chores which bog many of us down.

If I weren't determined to keep a positive outlook, the example of women like my mother would discourage me as I compare my life to theirs. Instead, I have determined to learn from their examples and strive each day to become more like them until, one day, I can observe the example of my Heavenly Mother and strive to become like her. I can if I try. After all, I am a woman and a daughter of God.

Susan H. Aylworth
Chico, California

Female Preparedness

The future belongs to those who prepare.
Emerson

Mormon women are not immune to economic catastrophes that may force them into working during their child-bearing years. Death, divorce, unemployment, financial or emotional need can make it necessary to re-enter the job market. Yet, in spite of the Church's expanded "family preparedness" program, many women find themselves at a loss in those situations and are limited to low-paying, deadly dull jobs. How can we follow the counsel of the Church and stay at home with our children and yet be prepared for a *career* (as opposed to *work*)?

Last spring four women from Hingham Ward in Massachusetts addressed themselves to this problem both in an *Exponent II*-sponsored discussion group and in a class for the Boston Stake Education Series. Bonnie Brackett, Robin Hammond, Kitty Lambert and Marti Lythgoe had discovered that in spite of their college degrees, they were in varying states of job preparedness. They each researched different aspects of female preparedness and came to the following conclusions:

As Mormons, we underestimate the value of our Church callings in the job market. Anyone who had served in an auxiliary presidency; who has taught Sunday School, Mutual, Primary; who has organized ward or stake dinners, socials, fund-raising projects, or youth outings; who has done genealogical research; who has been a secretary or has done the many other kinds of Church assignments available, has learned skills that are valuable in the job market. Some counseling services do not distinguish between paid and unpaid positions on the resumes they prepare for

their clients. Women at home should keep an "I can do" resume that describes in *job market* terms the skills learned in Church callings.

The bishop or other ward leaders can write professional letters of recommendation for ward members. They can attest to that person's reliability, good character and good work habits without mentioning that the association was on a non-paying basis.

Women who already have specialized training, or who have left careers to stay home, should endeavor to keep aware of current developments in their field. This might be accomplished by subscribing to professional journals, belonging to professional societies, or by taking an occasional refresher course. It would be helpful to do occasional volunteer work in their own fields. Women who do not have training can start now and get it bit by bit. Classes may be spread throughout the child-rearing years. Colleges and institutes have flexible programs for part-time students. In addition, some states recognize that women who have been out of school learn a great deal from life and have tests that give college credit if passed successfully. Late starters find they can condense their college curriculum by taking the tests and having some requirements waived.

The women's movement has generated a wealth of resources for women wishing to re-enter the work force. Most major cities and many communities have counseling services that specifically help re-entering women. They can be located in the Yellow Pages or in local newspapers. For example, "Wider Opportunities for Women," located in Boston, provides professional counseling and resources for a small yearly fee. Libraries and bookstores have many helpful books on the subject. For those who don't know what field they wish to enter, the federal government publishes a valuable reference book, the *Vocational Outlook Handbook*. It projects what fields offer good future employment opportunities and what fields are declining. College placement bureaus and department heads will sometimes advise non-students, particularly those women who are alumnae of that school.

Some suggestions: Be knowledgeable about your family finances and assets. Know how much you *can* earn versus how much you'd *have* to earn to support your family. Both husband and wife should have wills which should be updated periodically to alleviate financial problems after a spouse's death. Make a realistic assessment of your husband's insurance policy. Calculate how long a buffer period it will provide before additional earnings will be necessary. Know where all important legal papers and documents are. Write your "can do" resume and keep it current. Maintain a list of Church positions you have held and volunteer/community work you have done and *who you worked with* as a resource for letters of recommendation. Decide what your skills and aptitudes are (professionals can help you here as well if you are uncertain) and learn how they could be valuable to an employer. Try to become involved with community or volunteer work that is related to your field. Build up your confidence by trying new and challenging things.

Women who realize that they might one day have to be the family breadwinner and prepare themselves for that possibility can face the future with confidence.

If ye are prepared, ye shall not fear.
D&C 38:30

--Robin Hammond
Mare Island, California

A Formula for Success

No statement on success I have yet found has the elegance and simplicity of Dr. Harvey J. Fletcher's definition of it:

$$S = \sum_i \int_0^\infty h_i \, dt$$

where:
- S = success
- h = happiness density
- t = time
- i = a subscript used to indicate one particular person
- $\sum$ = summation sign
- $\int$ = integral sign

This formula says that a person's success is equal to the intensity of happiness he creates in another person integrated over all time and summed over all people.

Scientists, quite unlike some of their liberal arts friends, search for statements which will convey the most information in concise form. From the great wealth of observational data, scientists seek the underlying "law" or "fundamental truth" (or the closest approximation of that "law" or "truth") which will most accurately and completely describe the past observational data and which will remain valid as new data emerges. In its conciseness, Dr. Fletcher's formula is brilliant.

The Fletcher formula states that a person's success in life can be measured by the amount of happiness he creates for others. But this quantity is carefully measured. Happiness density, h_i, is the degree or intensity of happiness that a person is able to create for one specific person, say person number 1. By this definition, if one person is able to create a deeper happiness for person 1 than is another, the first would be considered more successful.

The happiness density is then integrated over all time--to infinity, or throughout eternity. If the happiness created is of short duration--even if it is very intense happiness--it well may be a less successful venture than one which created happiness which extended over a longer time period.

Finally, the happiness density integrated over all time is also summed over all people. So to determine the success of a person, his effect for good on all people must be considered, not merely his effect on person 1. This same happiness calculated for person 1 must also be calculated for person 2, 3, 4, etc. until the effect for good by him whose success is to be measured has been totaled for all of those he has touched--whether he knew them personally and had direct contact with them or not. Thus, of two persons able to touch lives for good, the one who touches more lives is more successful than the one who touches fewer, if they both bring the same degree of happiness to those they touch.

The most successful person is the one who can bring the deepest happiness for the longest time to the most people.

Because I believe in this definition of success, I use it to evaluate the different choices I have in life. As I analyze my situation, I believe I have the most potential for creating an intensity of happiness, and also for extending my influence over a longer period of time, within my own family. For this reason, I have chosen to put my major efforts into being a wife and mother. I cannot envision any other lifestyle in which I could influence other people to the degree and over the extended time period that I can as a wife and mother, if indeed I am to do well in those roles. And, counting myself as one of the persons to be summed over, I have found no deeper joy than that found within the family.

A testimony of the Gospel brings the deepest and the most long-lasting joy to a person blessed with it. I also choose, therefore, to do those things that will help others strengthen this testimony in themselves, or build it if they do not already have one. The Church exists for this purpose, so I choose to be active in the Church, to do those things I can to help strengthen the Church and, where I can, to try to follow President McKay's "Every member a missionary" admonition.

Yet to be most effective as a wife and mother, and even as a Church member, I do need other experiences. Some things I choose to do are for me alone, like playing in a local orchestra, if only at the end of the second violin section. I add little to the orchestra, but *my* soul soars there. Not only do I return a happier person, but I am then better able to cope with the mundane, repetitive tasks which occupy the larger portion of my time.

I choose to spend some little time now in community affairs and in my profession in anticipation of the time when my family demands are less and I will have more time to spend in these areas where I will be able to touch a larger number of people. The depth to which I will be able to touch them then will be determined by my effectiveness as a community worker or as a professional.

Every person who accepts a definition of success which approximates this one must decide for himself how to maximize those aspects which contribute towards the successful life in light of his own talents, temperament, and circumstances in order to determine which path to follow. Since we cannot always know the effect we will have on another, or even the effect that a decision will have on ourselves, we need to have the continual guidance of our Father in Heaven to help us make our decisions. It is with His help that we can individually maximize our influence for good and enlarge our success in life.

Helen Claire Sievers
Sudbury, Mass.

The Frugal Housewife

A Feast of Thanksgiving

As each Thanksgiving holiday approaches, I begin to plan my menu well in advance. I enjoy variety in all foods, and therefore my family and guests have learned to expect unique and flavorful experiences with our Thanksgiving feast. Although the traditions are important to include in holiday menus and preparations, a clever or unique idea is always good for the cook as well as the diner.

The beginning of any meal will set the mood and expectations of all. A cool, refreshing Cranberry Frost will be appetite-stimulating, but not filling, and may be served to your arriving guests as they mingle and visit. Your first course, seated at your dining table, may be one to set the fall theme--a delicious bowl of hot Cream of Peanut Soup for each to enjoy. Even if serving buffet style for the remaining dinner, this is a perfect place to begin with everyone in his appointed place for the offering of the special prayer of Thanksgiving to the Lord. After everyone has enjoyed his soup, you can place the Thanksgiving feast on the buffet serving area.

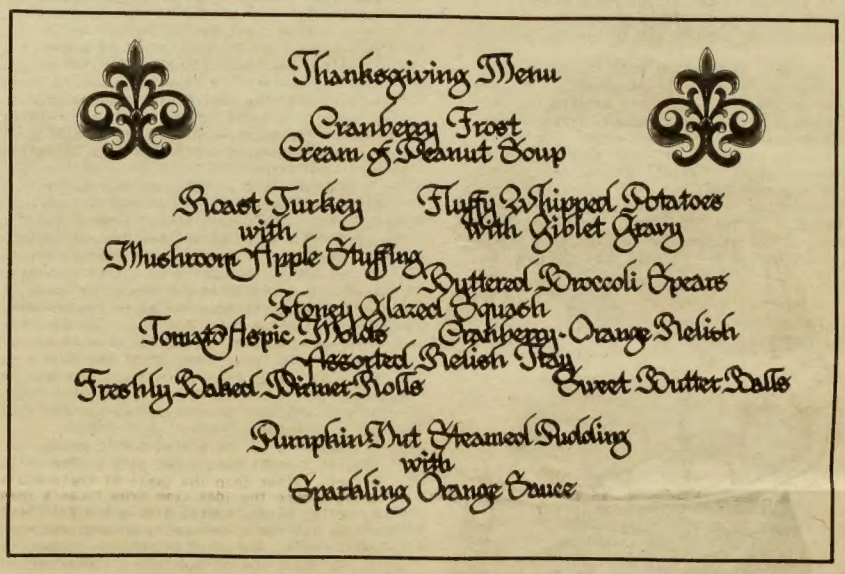
Turkey is an age-old tradition for Thanksgiving. Whether you choose to oven-roast it or hickory-smoke it, turkey is a must. The stuffing is a good place to introduce variety. Bread stuffing seasoned with rosemary, thyme, and parsley and studded with bits of chopped apple, sauteed mushrooms, and pecans might be a nice change from the old standby. The next year you might want to try a Southern cornbread stuffing flavored with chopped giblets and spicy onion. All these new variations will add interest and taste delights for your guests. Don't forget that a well-seasoned giblet gravy adds to this special feast.

Vegetables must be offered to add color and flavor contrasts as well as to balance the meal nutritionally. The bounteous garden squash and emerald green broccoli in simple but delicious styles are perfect fall vegetables. Remember that not all the menu should be highly spiced or sauced for proper balance to the palate.

Within my menu I plan several different salads, a huge basket of hot baked dinner rolls, fresh cranberry-orange relish, a large platter of vegetable relishes, and for the finale, what could be finer than Pumpkin-Nut Steamed Pudding with Sparkling Orange Sauce. A departure from the traditional pumpkin pie routine, this dessert may be made several days ahead, leaving you a lighter work load on your holiday, but not at the expense of that beloved pumpkin flavor. The glamour and elegance this delicious dessert gives will complete your feast with that perfect touch--a perfect ending for your feast of Thanksgiving.

Carmen I. Jones
Jockessin, Delaware

See the Cottage Industry section of the March 1976 issue of Exponent II *for an article about Carmen Jones. Carmen writes a weekly newspaper food column and has just authored her first book,* Simply Gourmet.*--Ed.*



Recipes:

Cranberry Frost

Chilled cranberry juice
Raspberry sherbet
Fresh mint leaves

For each serving, fill a small cocktail-size stem glass or other attractive beverage glass with 4 to 5 ounces of chilled cranberry juice. Place a miniature ball of raspberry sherbet on top of each glass. Garnish with a leaf of fresh mint. Serve immediately. (Glasses may be placed in freezer prior to filling and serving for a more frosted appearance.)

Cream of Peanut Soup

1 cup chopped onion
1/4 cup butter
1/2 cup chopped celery
3 tablespoons flour
2 cups smooth peanut butter
2 cups light cream
1/2 cup peanuts, chopped
8-9 cups chicken stock* or canned chicken broth

Chop onion and saute in melted butter in large stock pot or large skillet. Add chopped celery and cook until transparent. Add flour and stir until well combined. Cook over low heat for 4-5 minutes to thoroughly cook flour. Add chicken stock and cook until slightly thick. Puree in blender, using only enough volumn to fill blender container half full. (This is important when using hot liquids in blenders, for the hot liquid will expand when the blender is turned on and produce more steam.) Return pureed soup to stock pot and blend in peanut butter and cream. Stir thoroughly and heat on low flame until serving temperature. Do not boil this soup. Serve in heated bowls garnished with chopped peanuts. This soup is excellent served ice cold. Serves 10-12.

*I much prefer the homemade chicken stocks. They are much more flavorful and have much less salt.

Mushroom-Apple Stuffing

1 pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
1 cup butter
2 large onions, chopped
4 stalks celery, chopped
3 large cooking apples, pared and diced
1 loaf white home-style bread, cut into chunks and dried
1/2 cup heavy cream (whipping cream)
1 teaspoon dried rosemary leaves
1 teaspoon dried thyme
2 tablespoons freshly chopped parsley
Salt to taste
Freshly ground peppercorns
Chicken stock for moistening

Prepare mushrooms and saute in melted butter in a very large skillet. Add onion and celery and cook for 4-5 minutes. Add apples, dried bread cubes, and herbs. Toss gently and add enough cream and additional chicken stock until moist but still light. Season well with salt and pepper and taste. Adjust seasonings if necessary. Stuff prepared turkey or other selected poultry. Roast according to directions with turkey, and remove from bird to serve. Dressing may be garnished with additional chopped parsley, if desired, before serving. Stuffs 1-12 lb. turkey.

Sparkling Orange Sauce

1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch or arrowroot
1 tablespoon orange rind, grated
1/8 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons butter
1/2 cup fresh orange juice
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 1/2 cups boiling water

Stir the boiling water into the sugar, cornstarch, salt, and orange rind. Cook over medium heat for three minutes, or until it has come to a boil. Remove from heat. Stir in butter and juices. Serve warm. Makes 2 1/2 cups.

Steamed Pumpkin Nut Pudding

1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 envelope instant mashed potato flakes
1/4 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 teaspoons pumpkin pie spice
4 tablespoons butter
3/4 cup brown sugar
3 eggs, separated
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon orange rind
1 cup canned pumpkin
3/4 cup orange juice
3/4 cup chopped walnuts
Sparkling Orange Sauce
Mint leaves
Walnut halves

Cream butter and sugar in large mixing bowl until fluffy. Add egg yolks, vanilla and orange rind. Mix well. In a two-cup measure, combine pumpkin and orange juice. Beat egg whites in an additional bowl until light and very stiff. Sift dry ingredients, then add alternately with the pumpkin mixture into the butter mixture. Fold in the beaten egg whites and nuts and pour into a very well-buttered 8-cup mold. Cover the mold with foil and fasten tightly with string.

Place on rack or trivet in deep kettle. Pour boiling water to about half and place lid on kettle. Steam over low heat for three hours. Remove mold and let cool five minutes before unmolding. Unmold onto a pretty serving plate; then garnish around bottom with orange slices, mint leaves and half walnuts on top. Pour a small amount of sauce over before serving, but be sure to pass more sauce with the pudding at the table.

This dessert may be made ahead. After completing steaming process, cool completely, cover and refrigerate in mold. To serve: place mold on rack in large saucepan over small amount of water. Bring to a low boil and simmer for thirty minutes or until thoroughly heated. Replenish water if needed.

On Setting the Festive Board

I have always considered putting on a dinner party to be the equivalent of bravery in battle. Well we know the fears, the labors, and the anguish which attend both these difficult ordeals. Those champions who perform under heavy pressure with nonchalance and grace deserve our admiration. Perhaps the hostess should get more credit than the warrior, for she goes into the fray repeatedly and by her own choice.

The labors of a dinner party result from the emancipation of the domestic worker. Time was when, with some planning, the hostess had but to ring the little bell in front of her to have someone remove the ruins of the last course and bring on the next one. Mrs. Bridges, or some more modest equivalent, had prepared something civilized and delicious. Today's servantless household requires the hostess to be cook and serving girl as well, a situation sufficient to upset anyone's poise.

Emily Post coped with the notion of entertaining without servants. She suggested using a serving cart with a hot tray set up in advance. The hostess could invite her guests in to a table already set with the first course soup. The dirty dishes were to be cleared off to the cart and the succeeding courses served from it, all without the hostess rising from her chair. Post's plan works well as long as the hostess doesn't have to pop up and run for napkins or pepper and salt.

The hostess who has mastered gracious, servantless entertaining wins my admiration. We arrive at seven to find her cheerful and fresh in her beautiful gown. I know that she has spent the day chopping onions and blanching almonds, poaching the sole and deveining the shrimp, for which she has shelled out a pile. She has lovingly dried each lettuce leaf and peeled and seeded her tomatoes. That massive roast must have blasted a whole month's careful food budget, yet with the courage of no tomorrows, she urges repeated helpings on her sated guests. That imaginative and luscious dessert was contrived after hours of scanning cookbooks and magazines. All is perfection. She has even managed to clean up the kitchen before her guests arrive. Am I impressed? You bet!

I am even impressed when we arrive to find the hostess flushed and disheveled, the dinner a little out of control, and the children reappearing constantly. Almost bringing off the perfect dinner party is about as hard as actually succeeding; such bittersweet accomplishments are more interesting than success. The hostess who keeps her cool even as the carrots burn and the baby cries is a heroine.

I used to aspire to put on impressive dinner parties. I spent hours assembling guest lists and laboring over menus made up of doctored items. I added lemon peel, nuts, cheese, or sauce to everything on the menu, always conscious of the cost and my short budget. I wept over the linen cloth which *would* keep its wrinkles. I suffered over the soggy rice, the spotted glasses, and the tough pie crust, and finally faced the guests, exhausted and drained, sorry I had ever gotten myself into that mess.

I used to wonder how I could plan a party with such enthusiasm several weeks in advance, and gradually grow less and less eager to put it on. Then I discovered biorhythms and found an explanation, if no help. At the top of my cycles, I was eager to do everything and could move the world. The plans were made. Then, as I dragged to the bottom of my cycles, the party loomed and I could barely survive it. Parties should be planned when they are of the least possible interest; then perhaps the hostess will be in top form.

Some pretty fancy repasts emerged from my kitchen in those days, and people seemed to enjoy them. I did not, however, achieve the reputation of a great cook; that happened later and in this way. One evening, at someone else's dinner party, each guest was asked to introduce the person next to him. The man on my right had recently attended one of my own tortured dinners and, probably because he could think of nothing else to say, praised my cooking extravagantly. Henceforth I was known as a gourmet cook. Even then I could see the irony of the situation: People were more likely to credit the testimony of another person than their own experience.

I used to do everything the hard way. I somehow thought that cooks were graded on their efforts rather than the taste of their meals, though where the idea came from I can't imagine. My mother always cooked simple and delicious meals. At one dinner party an engineer complimented me on the salad dressing. I shamefacedly admitted that it was only a store-bought variety with a little bleu cheese crumbled in. So much the better, quoth he, for why should we engineer something hard when something easy is so good? It was a revelation!

Another revelation resulted from reading about a party Gloria Steinem put on. This party dated from the days when she was a Beautiful Person, long before she became a Feminist. She served her guests champagne and hot dogs. She even got the dogs from the corner deli rather than broiling them herself. And a fashion magazine played this up as chic and elegant. I was astounded to discover that a simple entertainment could be legitimate.

So an evolution occurred and now I do things differently. I still have a large family at home and have to cook all the time. Unfortunately, I only feel like cooking about once every two or three weeks at which time I do strange and marvelous things. The rest of the time I have difficulties. I don't think about what I am doing. I burn things. I simplify to the point of disappearance. I bake only when I feel like it. My family has been known to praise the most ordinary meal extravagantly. Kindly friends have suggested that a course of gourmet lessons might do wonders, but I don't want to take lessons. I cook enough as it is. I try to rise above any temptations to take pies to the neighbors or to do that "little bit extra" to turn every meal into a "marvelous taste treat."

We decided years ago that we would serve no alcohol, tea, or coffee, and we never have. We stand on principle, but also on thrift, laziness, and ignorance. I have never brewed a cup of tea in my life and do not care to learn how. I know that the lack of these items works a hardship on some of our guests, and that our parties are sometimes grim and end earlier than they would otherwise. I used to apologize and explain, but I never even mention the situation now. Most of our guests "know" about us, and even if they don't, we are eccentric academics and entitled to our strange ways. On the other hand, I don't object to smokers. By the time we have failed to find the ashtray and brought out a fruit dish, they have often decided against lighting up anyway. At a recent large party, the smokers sneaked out in back lest they offend.

I entertain more than ever, but I am determined not to be intimidated or overworked. Guests who don't like my dinners or find that the supplies have run out can stop by McDonald's on the way home. Competition with other hostesses is resolutely eschewed. I don't play that game anymore.

Our best parties celebrate occasions, such as someone's unexpected visit. Little dinner parties for ten or twelve require everything to be just so. I prefer twenty people called at the last minute for dessert, or hot dogs for fifty in the back yard. No one can fault the hostess for inadequacies under such difficult conditions; she gets credit for doing anything at all.

I like impromptu parties because I can never be accused of not taking enough time and trouble. Women's magazines, eager to help the hapless homemaker put on a lavish feed, set up schedules allowing the work to be prorated over several weeks, sometimes into months ahead. These food editors, who probably dine out every night, don't seem to realize that I have other things to do three weeks in advance, two weeks in advance, and that very day. Even when the event is planned long in advance, I try to get out of the house for at least half the day. Entertaining takes all the time available and a little more. If the time is severely restricted, the hostess has to do something simpler and will be fresher and happier to enjoy her own party.

Sometimes I feel guilty and unworthy for not breaking my back over parties. After all, a housewife finds her very identity in the public practice of such rituals. I respect the labor expended. I am wide-eyed in honest admiration at the high level managed by many of my graceful sisters. I think about striving to do better. Then I repeat the magic sentence that helps me quell my household demons: Nothing matters less than what you ate yesterday.

CLB

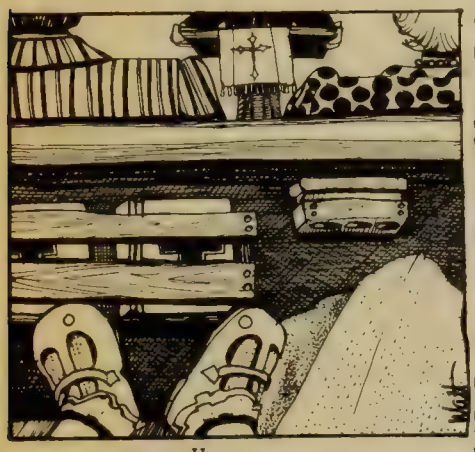
The Frugal Housewife solicits your best, imaginative, time-and-money-saving idea. Let's share the wealth and raise living standards all around. Send your notions to the Frugal Housewife, 107 Cheltenham Road, Newark, Delaware 19711.

Fiction

..Pilgrimage....

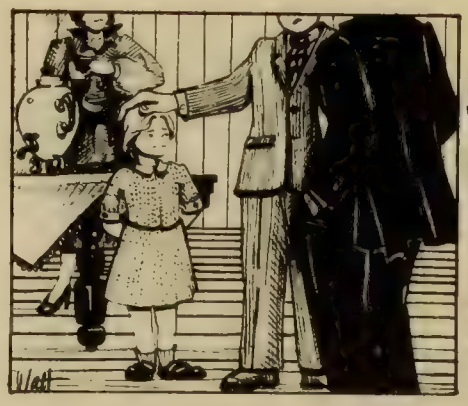
I

Mom don't jerk me around and fuss with my hair it curls too much Bend to walk in the pew if you walk in straight you scrape your leg Singing is the best part the man who leads should loosen his tie it sounds like Trust and obey For there's no other way To be happy in Jesu-us But to trust and obey For prayers wait till they all close their eyes then look around a secret they don't know Welcome to ninthand columbia chur chov Christ and now who's sick this week my sock is scrunched down under my heel again and if I pull it up it will be all stretched and if Rachel doesn't quit banging her feet on the pew she'll get in trouble Be still in church and listen to the preacher Attendance should be more money too now singing Bop sings leaning on Jesus real low while Mom sings leaning on the everlasting arms real high and it's pretty but I can't do it and my mosquito bites itch Be still in church and listen to the preacher I'm hungry Virgins need oil for their lamps and there's going to be a wedding ask Mother later what's a virgin We should all be committed one man didn't want to get baptized till Saturday and it was Tuesday he got killed so hurry Not baptized means you don't get to take communion bread and wine they pass around in the middle it's your last supper but dinner's later anyway pray on the bread and on the wine little glasses in silver trays Mom gets some Bop gets some Mom gets some me and Rachel don't get any even if it is really grape juice I can see the bottom of the pew in front of us in the flat shiny part of my shoes Pass the money around we all put in Mom gives me a nickel I put in Rachel puts in a nickel and takes out a dollar Bop makes her give it back now more singing Marching to Zion the beautiful city of God But we aren't marching now more praying a grown up opened his eyes I saw him Before we can eat we have to talk to all Mom's and Bop's friends grey hair bald or little hats with veils powder makeup smell My how I've grown since I was here last they're going to put a brick on my head but they don't and they're not as hungry as I am



II

Daddy seldom took us to church, but once he and Betty and I went to the First Christian Church. It rained that day. The light shone very dimly through the gray windows. My feet were cold. I tried to pass the time by counting the people in church while the pastor talked. The backs of fifteen heads sat in front of us. Across the church, twenty-five blobs of white faces were overhung by eight light fixtures on four beams. I couldn't turn around to count the people in back of us, and I couldn't see the choir. There were eight chrysanthemums in a vase by the podium. The pastor's bald head shone in a bright circle of light that bathed him for the TV cameras. Time came for the communion service. Everyone always took communion except me. If I ate the cracker and drank the drops of grape juice, someone might notice I wasn't baptized. Daddy might take me out and we'd have to go home. The pastor might stop everything, or one of the men might jerk the tray out of my hand. The lights might all go out and the wind would blow, and when they came on again, I'd be gone. The men came to our row. Some were young and some had stomachs



that stuck out and ours had a polar bear tie clip. Betty broke off a bit of cracker and reverently placed it in her mouth. I think she was a Lutheran. Daddy was a Baptist, officially. I carefully watched how he took his piece of cracker. I looked again at the words carved in the table at the front: "This Do in Remembrance of Me."

I held my breath and broke off some cracker, and ate it slowly. No one did anything. I swallowed and it stuck in my throat. When the little glasses of grape juice came, I drank one, but it didn't wash the lump out of my throat.

The closing song finally came, and when we got out into the foyer, Daddy turned to me. "Lisa, have you been baptized?"

I started to cry. "No."

Daddy called the pastor over and explained. The pastor had on a suit with tiny stripes. "How old are you, Lisa?"

"Twelve."

"Do you know that you're not supposed to take communion until you've been baptized?" His voice was friendly and nice, but terror filled my heart. I had known, I had been told, and I had done it anyway.

"I just wanted to do it." The three adults blurred and ran together. "Is God mad at me?"

No one said anything. Finally the voices of socializing members penetrated the silence and the pastor spoke. "I think it's all right. You were just showing Jesus how much you love Him, weren't you?"

My route of escape opened before me, and I sobbed quietly. "Yes, I love Him."

Daddy shook the pastor's hand and the pastor patted me on the back. Betty gave me a kleenex and I quit crying, but the lump stayed in my throat till I went to bed that night.

III

On Good Friday I attended evening mass. My fingers sent ripples across the stillness of the holy water that waited in a silver bowl by the door. I touched the water to my forehead, heart, left shoulder, right shoulder; Father . . . Son . . . Holy . . . Ghost. The dim, high-vaulted church was lit by candles glowing through colored glass, staining the faces of people who sat peacefully in the darkness. Priests and altar boys in dark red vestments moved about with incense burners and bells. In the center of the altar the wine and wafer waited under a white cloth to be turned into the body and blood of Christ. "Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy . . . Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world . . ." The statues of Jesus and Mary at either side of the altar had been shrouded in black.

I had watched the lines of communicants move slowly toward the altar and had struggled with the urge to join them. Now a priest took a small statue of Christ on the Cross and again stood at the communion rail. Again people lined up, and when our turn came I stood up with the rest. Reverently I walked toward the priest who was holding the crucified Christ. I could see the crown of thorns, and as I bent to kiss the white skin I saw that Christ's eyes were closed and His mouth was a sad, fallen line. I returned to my placed with a bowed head. I wanted to be part of the Catholic Church because they had the body and blood of Christ on the altar there. I had seen Him, and kissed His tiny feet spotted with red porcelain blood.

IV

Some kids across the stadium held up a big sign: JESUS SAVES. A marquee lit up with announcements of a coming Crusade in Atlanta. It was incredibly hot--the stadium was packed. Middle-aged men and women, dressed up for church, mingled with clean-cut young Crusaders and curious junior high kids. Jesus Freaks pointed a one-way-to-salvation-through-Christ finger up in the air and sat down beside little old ladies who had just bought their copies of *The Living Bible* or *World Aflame*. Ethel Waters sang and a couple of seconds later her voice came out of the speakers, all out-of-sync with her moving mouth. Then a guy who used to be on "Green Acres" on TV told about how he had been saved. The 2000-voice Crusade Choir sang "Joy to the World," and finally Billy Graham spoke, his teeth flashing white, something about youth and sincerity. At the end, Ric and Larry and I went down the long steps to the stadium floor and were met by Crusaders, while the choir sang,

"Just as I am, without one plea,
Except that His blood was shed for me . . ."

We committed ourselves to Christ and left.

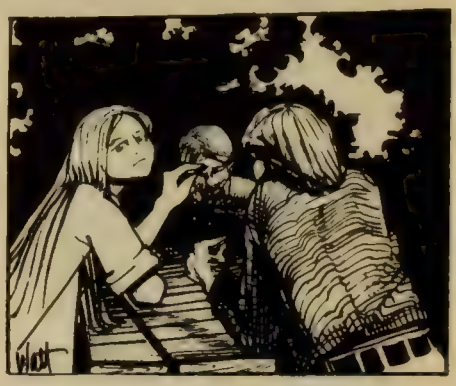
"O Lamb of God, I come--I come."

On the way home, Ric and Larry discussed the lid of grass in the glove compartment. "I've always wanted to try it," I said. "Can I come too?" Ric was surprised. "I don't want to be the one to introduce you."

"Please?"

"Are you sure?"

We parked in an alley near Norbuck park and walked to a thick group of trees. Larry rolled some joints on the picnic table. They burned very rapidly and, as the first one came to me, Ric and Larry told me to hurry so they could toke once more before it got too small. The smoke was bitter to inhale. I held my breath so it could take effect better, and thought of all the Christians I'd seen in the arena earlier that evening. I remembered the Sunday School teacher I had at the First Baptist Church when I was five, a pretty lady who always wore a pink sweater and a string of pearls, and I thought of the picture of the man whose heart we had crayoned black with sin. I started to sing, "Just as I am . . ." and Ric offered me another toke.



V

"O God, the Eternal Father . . ."

Someone's baby was crying. *Suffer the little children to come unto me.* I opened my eyes and saw the young men kneeling by the trays of bread and water. Sunset came in through the window, lighting the blond wood pews, white shirts, summer dresses. I did not think of the darkness behind my eyes when I closed them again.

"We ask thee in the name of thy Son, Jesus Christ . . ."

They were having a crusade for Christ that summer, and kids who came in to the place where I worked would serve "Have you been saved?" to me while I served hamburgers to them. For three days, "Have you been saved?" pounded my brain; I would answer, "Twice today already," and, "Saved from what?" One night in my room I opened my Bible and tried to read again; crying in frustration, I finally prayed, "God, if you are there, then help me. I'm sick of trying. You find me something."

Book Reviews

A Genteel Gentile Examines Utah

The Genteel Gentile: Letters of Elizabeth Cumming, 1857-1858, Ray R. Canning and Beverly Beeton, eds., University of Utah Tanner Trust Fund, University of Utah Press, 1978.

I thought there might be a reception--a small one, I knew--for the city was to be abandoned by its inhabitants, until after the army had passed through . . . but I was not prepared for the deathlike stillness which existed . . . not a carriage or wagon or mule or horse or man to be seen. . . . It did not seem real--but you could not look away.

Salt Lake City in 1858 was a thriving city of 15,000 inhabitants. But when Elizabeth Cumming, wife of Utah's new governor, Alfred Cumming, first glimpsed the city in June of that year, it was like a ghost town. Nor was there anyone on hand two weeks later when 2,500 United States troops marched through its empty streets, an army sent by President Buchanan to quell the rebellion that was reportedly brewing in Mormon Utah. Negotiations had averted the potential war that had sent the city's residents from their homes, and the unused army was on its way to establish camp many miles from the city.

Traveling with the troops from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, was Alfred Cumming, his wife, and other newly appointed federal officials. Elizabeth's eye-witness view of the "other side" of the Utah War, as this event came to be known, adds fresh insight and perspective to a well-studied episode in Mormon history. In a series of eighteen letters to family members, she described the journey west from Fort Leavenworth, the long winter encampment at Camp Scott near Fort Bridger, Wyoming, and the first three months of her three-year stay in Utah.

The Genteel Gentile is a compilation of Elizabeth's letters beginning in August 1857 as the expedition prepared to leave Fort Leavenworth and concluding with a lengthy description of life in polygamous Utah, written in September 1858. In between are moving accounts of reaching winter and the Rocky Mountains at the same time, and camping in Wyoming until spring.

Though Elizabeth's account of the last stage of the trek from Leavenworth to Fort Bridger depicts a grueling experience, her descriptions of life at Camp Scott show a woman obviously relishing her western adventure. The apprehensions expressed when camp was first set up dissipated when her winter home, made up of five connecting tents, proved to be "warm and cozy," the air and water "admirably pure," and the climate cold but "enchanting." "I was never more comfortable in my life than I now am," she wrote. "I am far better pleased in my cloth tents, than at the Planters' House [in] St. Louis.

A woman of intelligence, perception and sensitivity, Elizabeth painted literary pictures of the sweeping scenes about her as she traveled. After arriving in the Valley, she recorded her observations of the difficulties of setting up house in a deserted city, of the personalities of the Church "magnates" whom she met, and particularly of Mormon women. "Every act almost (sic) of their lives is mormonized," she noted. She found Mormons to be "generally ignorant, fanatical, superstitious, and possessing of a profound disdain for the religious belief of the rest of the world." Acknowledging her place among and not of them, she affirmed, "but all of these last qualities are their own business, *not* mine."

Elizabeth's articulate impressions and sense of drama anticipated the letters of Elizabeth Kane, wife of Thomas L. Kane, who visited Utah twenty years later (compiled in *Twelve Mormon Homes Visited*, University of Utah Press). Though their husbands worked together to negotiate a peace settlement during the Utah War, the two women never met, since Elizabeth Kane remained in the East at that time. Both women demonstrated a keen eye for the dramatic nuances that played about the events and persons they chronicled while in Utah. Both saw parallels between the landscape and the people, whose lives were often decided by nature's demanding presence. "The great mountains all around us," Elizabeth Cumming observed, "aid the imagination in its flights--and one can easily realize how an unbridled fancy can become the parent of many superstitions in the midst of such scenery." Though neither of the two Elizabeths condoned the beliefs or peculiarities of the Mormons, both women found themselves sympathetically entangled in Mormon life because of their husbands' involvements.

Some minor discrepancies appear in the volume. The introduction gives 26 August 1858 as the date the army marched through Salt Lake City rather than 26 June 1858, and attributes to Elizabeth's account certain details of the march that are only explained in the footnotes. Another minor distraction is the placement of the footnotes before rather than after the text on the two-columned pages. The extensive footnotes and nineteen illustrations fully complement the letters, however, which are individually titled and arranged in an attractive and well-designed layout.

The book is the eighth in the series *Utah, the Mormons, and the West* published by the Tanner Trust Fund. Seven of the eight volumes have brought to contemporary readers the experiences and observations of women living or visiting in the nineteenth century West, through their diaries, letters and memoirs. In the tradition of the series, *The Genteel Gentile* is a beautiful edition.

One historian has called these kind of letters "an interesting footnote to history." But personal accounts as perceptive as Elizabeth Cumming's are more than just a note on history's page. They provide the substance beneath the factual contours of an historical event. They are history, too.

Carol Madsen
Salt Lake City, Utah

Turn Again to Mountain Meadows

Turn Again Home, Herbert Harker, Random House, New York, $8.95.

That Herbert Harker got his story of a Mormon family's "terrible secret" published by a national house is praise in itself. Mr. Harker's growth since writing his fine first novel, *Goldenrod*, is evident.

Turn Again Home is not an historical novel about the Mountain Meadows massacre. It gives only a broad outline of what happened there, but it does present a closer picture of what might have been the emotional results for one of the massacre's Mormon participants.

The book is about a Mormon family whose father, Alma, vanishes on his seventy-seventh birthday. Son Jared begins a search for his father that leads to a diary clue about Alma's participation at Mountain Meadows. Circumstances lead Jared away from the search, to marriage and a child of his own, but a door to the disappearance is thrown open again, culminating in a true surprise conclusion.

The theme--search for a father figure--is a classic one, and Harker handles it well. Behind the search, the massacre is a rumbling, hidden torment in the family's past that erupts almost between Jared and his own son. Many incidents leading up to the eruption are forceful and well-drawn, such as the death of hundreds of panic-striken sheep in a blizzard.

Harker does not display a deep sensitivity for female characters here. The women seem to be in the story mainly to carry events forward so the men can play out the conflict. Mother Beth is too close to being a stereotypical pioneer. We know far too little of sister Grace to accept her sweetness at face value, and Jared's wife Kelly is a tomboy-instantly-turned housewife whom we never really get to know. The female characters could have been strengthened with a closer examination.

While the conclusion seems inevitable, the story's bare bones are sometimes too evident. Harker spends too much time connecting the main events together, following Jared on long horseback rides from one place to another. Too often he uses the device of rumination-turned-flashback.

And yet the story is moving, captivating, and poignant in its treatment of the horror inflicted on both the massacre's victims and its assassins. The family's Mormonism runs naturally like a strong river through its members' lives: Alma turns home to God, and Jared ends his search by turning to his own family.

CRA

Cont.

"To bless and sanctify this bread to the souls of all those who partake of it . . ."

The library was cool and the rows of shelves pleasantly dim after watching the sun reflect from the white July sidewalks. The book was there, under the appropriate Dewey decimal number, with a stiff, dark red, plastic-leather-looking cover. Standing there, I opened to the title page. *. . . to the convincing of Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ.* That sounded all right. *And now, if there are faults they are the mistakes of men; wherefore, condemn not the things of God . . .* I sat down in a chair by a window and began to read.

"That they may eat in remembrance of the body of thy Son . . ."

O Lord, thou has searched me, and known me. Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

"And witness unto thee, O God, the Eternal Father, that they are willing to take upon them the name of thy Son . . ."

"If you join the Mormon Church, your grandfather may never let you in his house again."

"What's wrong with you that you need a God?"

And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true;

"Jesus was a great teacher and a good man, but why do you think he was the Messiah?"

"What church are you going to join when you get tired of this one?"

. . . and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost.

"You're just insecure; when you've grown up a little, you'll see that you don't need a church. You're trying to satisfy your need to belong to a group."

"Are you sure you know what you're getting into? How can you be sure?"

And by the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things.

"And always remember him, and keep his commandments which he hath given them . . ."

I trembled, but the water was warm as I stepped in, and the hand that grasped my arm was sure. My white dress floated against the backs of my knees. I heard my name: "Having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." The water touched my back and closed over my eyes; I was buried in the water but I was not frightened there, and in those seconds I was alone with my Redeemer, and His hand guided me through the waters and to the light.

"That they may always have his Spirit to be with them. Amen."

Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.

Lisa Bolin Hawkins
Provo, Utah

Sisters Speak

on adoption

We have been pleased with the positive feedback we have received from last issue's column on infertility. We always like to know when subjects we've discussed have been helpful or especially interesting to our readers. Our mail suggests that many are happy to have the chance to relate their experiences with adoption this time. We hope you all find these letters as eye-opening and encouraging as we have.

Mrs. Irene G. Guilliam of Nampa, Idaho, writes her feelings about adoption from the standpoint of a grandmother in this first letter on the subject:

Our daughter and her husband have three adopted children, so I am the fortunate grandmother of three very valued and worthwhile people. The thoughtless, though not maliciously meant, remark of a neighbor recently prompts me to write this letter. I mentioned to this woman that our daughter and her husband have three adopted children and she said, "Well, they are not like your own, but they are better than nothing." I made no reply to this unsolicited comment.

As part of my schooling in this mortal life, I am also the mother of a mentally retarded son. This son is a blessing to us, his parents. He has taught us many valuable lessons, chief of which is the realization of the true worth and dignity of every human being, regardless of whether that person is "my own," or who that person is.

There are three days of each year on which I say a very special and sincere prayer. These days are the birthdays of my three adopted grandchildren, and the prayers are for the natural mothers of these children. I pray that these young women, wherever they may be, will be comforted and consoled about the dear children that they released for adoption, with the assurance and peace of knowing that they are loved and cherished.

Ina J. Hobson of El Cajon, California, shares both discouraging moments and moments of triumph with us:

When asked for the letter required for application to adopt, our family doctor gave us little encouragement. He reminded us that the demand for children far exceeded the supply and that there were other couples who had been waiting four years or more. He pointed out that we were pushing the age limit and already had a child. We were aware of all these things, but we also knew that, if it was good in the sight of the Lord, the way would be opened.

We found it distinctly in our favor that we were LDS since the Agency which we applied to was familiar with Mormon emphasis on family relationships. So began what seemed to us at the time an unduly long period of surveillance. We had, however, been informed at the beginning that their interest did not lay in providing us with a child, but pivoted on finding a suitable home environment for one of their charges.

The time came when we were told we had qualified, but it was a disappointment to learn that there were no girls available. Since we had a boy, our decision was to wait. However, I was unable to erase from my mind the year-old boy mentioned as being available. We had been told absolutely nothing concerning him except his age, yet my thoughts were constantly drawn to him. Sure that we were acting under the influence of the Spirit, we called the Agency and asked to resume interviews. At once peace of mind was restored. I recall that we went to a movie that evening, but what was playing did not register. I was full of excitement--mentally pregnant, as it were--speculating on what child it was who would be coming into our family.

After several interviews, the day came when we three went to meet him. We entered the room, and I saw the small figure seated on the floor, his back toward me, the dark head bent over some toy. I could neither move nor speak for a moment or two, overwhelmed by the power our yes or no would have to influence his life. The attendant stood him up, and he looked at me from a solemn, shut-in face. Children, even as young as he was, sense when they do not really *belong* anywhere.

I had been a little concerned during the waiting lest there not be a spontaneous desire to kiss and cuddle a little stranger. I need never have worried. All the emotions were there the moment I held him--all the delights of touching one's flesh and blood child.

He, who is now a father himself, has from the very first been a blessing in our family. How often I have wished the girl who gave him birth could know that--or would it bring more pain than peace? In any case, the thought has often been with us that this son had been appointed to our family but, when I was not to give birth, was sent to someone in our area who would be unable to keep him.

As it turned out, our wish for a daughter was granted as well. Almost a year later the phone rang one morning and the Agency announced there was a two-year-old girl available. And so we were five.

Sister Janice J. Harrison of Cedar City, Utah, articulates the sentiments expressed by several letters we received about the anxieties of adoptive parents. She also highlights some positive payoffs:

Will he be bright? Will he be beautiful? Will he be healthy? Will he have brown eyes or blue? Will he look like his Daddy? Or will people just say that he does because they know he is adopted? Will the grandmas and grandpas love him as much as they love the other grandchildren? How will the neighbors react? Will he love me?

When that beautiful week-old little boy was placed in my arms, my anxieties were dispelled--until Sunday, when well-meaning mothers of many commented: "Do you feel like a mother? . . . That's the easy way to do it! . . . How could anyone have given up such a beautiful child? . . . Quit your Primary job? Why? . . . We didn't think you needed any meals provided since you are so healthy."

I thought that those agonizing years of waiting and waiting, enduring my personal Gethsemane, were over. I erroneously thought that the peace of mind which we had so laboriously gained would endure and be enhanced by the arrival of that long-awaited little spirit. However, I was *still* peculiar. I *still* silently sat while the car pool to stake leadership meeting discussed labor pains and La Leche League. I *still* tearfully listened to sermons extolling woman's divine role as co-creator and lamented that my precious son was not of my body.

But how could I feel so discouraged and self-pitying? My husband loved me and assured me that all would end well. We had prayed for a son, and here he was. We *knew*, though he did not join our family in the conventional way, that he was nevertheless *our* son. He was depending upon us. We would see his first smile, steady his first steps, teach him, console him, love him.

We felt this even more keenly--because time had proven our impressions valid--when we picked up our adorable week-old daughter two and a half years later. By then I could respond to the common, "But you didn't even look pregnant!" with, "I carry my babies well." An amazed, "You sure do!" was the highlight.

We have enjoyed all of the normal problems of parents of a two- and four-year-old. Both of our children *are* bright and beautiful. They *are* healthy. They actually *do* resemble Mom and Dad. The grandmas and grandpas *do* love them. Our only twinge of anguish is in regards to a future most likely lacking more little ones, but how can I let this discouragement dampen the joy that these children bring us?

I don't know if infertility was a cross purposely given to us to bear or if it is simply a mistake of nature. Despite the *why*, I am grateful that the Lord has helped us remedy the situation. And, though five years ago I never thought I could ever say it, we are grateful for this experience--this "refiner's fire" that has nurtured depth in our marriage, greater feelings of personal worth in my husband and me as individuals, and more fervent faith.

The following two letters, while differing in style and details, both focus much of their attention on the experience of applying for adoptive children and enduring the long agency-examination process. Lyn Tolman writes to us from Briarcliff Manor, New York:

Adoption is the way we have our children. It has brought us great joy to receive spirits who have succeeded in following the torturous route of illegitimate conception, avoidance of abortion, correct decision-making on the part of the birth mother, good counsel and guidance from adults and church social services, rigorous "testing" on the part of my husband and myself to prove ourselves "worthy," capable, and economically solvent over and over again. There is still only a thin veneer over the emotions of the past seven years. Part of me feels that the door should remain closed on those past days, but a stronger part of me feels that the pluses and minuses need to be aired.

I will first deal with the negative so that I can end with what has and will continue to be the greatest joy of our married life. I feel bitterness about people who intimate my two children are somehow not ours or not quite on the same level as other children because they were adopted. Adopted children are not tainted; they do not deserve to carry a second-class label. Adoption is simply a complicated alternate method of having children when a couple cannot conceive children.

People also smile and say, "Now you have adopted, maybe you will be able to have your own children." What do they mean? My two children *are* our own. They were sealed to us in the temple and belong to our family forever.

A second problem concerns the complicated process of adopting. When a great deal of your hopes and dreams are tied up in this process, it would be nice to know that someone was putting you first in the order of priorities. Our

experience deals with adopting through the LDS Social Services, since we were quickly eliminated by state and private agencies by our graduate-student, low-economic status. Only one of the numerous social workers who dealt with us in our seven-year adopting process ever made us feel important--as though she really cared for us in our anguish. The other workers have shown casual indifference for us or disorganized mismanagement of our case.

It is somewhat humiliating and degrading to have your whole life spread out for a stranger to view and judge, but we swallowed our pride, saying "If it gets us a child, it's worth it." We know that they scrutinize carefully to insure that the child has the best possible home he can receive and that he will match well with the lives of the adopting parents. But this knowledge and our willingness to go through the process of examination over and over again does not remove the resentment we feel each time we have to do it. How many children would be conceived if each set of parents had to go through a process similar to adoption clearance before being given permission to have sexual relations?

To turn to the positive side: Nothing equals having a beautiful baby placed in your arms and knowing that at last you have a child, you are a parent, and that you belong at last to the eternal group headed by our Heavenly Father and Mother. It is worth all the pain, paperwork, proving, and perseverance. When other mothers talk about how difficult their births were, I know what they mean. I have spent the last seven years being adoptively pregnant, and have labored to bring forth my children in my heart, in my mind, and in my long waiting days.

The pleas in the temple and the years of nightly supplication have been heard. Even though we sometimes jokingly felt we were praying people into adultery, the Lord heard us. He spoke to our hearts and told us that everything would be all right. Our eyes have been opened in understanding--of children, of ourselves, of suffering, of others in similar and opposite situations. We even have a better understanding of the girls who were the birth mothers of our children. They made a sacrifice of love I doubt many of us could equal. They gave children of their bodies to us to fulfill our eternal potential and the potential of the children they carried. I wish they could personally know that we love them and are grateful to them. I am concerned about their happiness and hope they are achieving it.

The childless years and the whole experience of infertility and adoption gave my husband and myself a chance to grow together as an eternal unit. It is hard to explain, except to say that our spirits and our marriage have been tempered somewhat.

We have also come to find that infertility has one unexpected bonus. Many fertile couples worry and restrict their sex lives as they try to avoid too frequent pregnancies and remain within what they feel to be the bounds of the contraception guidelines of the Church. Infertile couples do not have that problem, with the result that their sex life is worry free. It is an enjoyable plus!

To childless couples, I would say, "Adopt--and start as soon as you can because it takes a long time." To couples like ourselves who have adopted, I say, "Let's let our feelings, our understandings, and our insights be known to adoption agencies and other social service agencies to help remove a little of the pain and improve the experience of alternate childbearing We could be valuable volunteers to the programs of outreach many LDS Social Services are currently starting. We can be a resource as counselors, baby-boarding homes, sounding boards for ideas, and community and ward representatives." There are still many cobwebs and prejudices surrounding adoption. We can help dispel them--to help the children, the pregnant teenagers, and other couples facing the alternate method of having children.

Elizabeth Evans Burdett of San Diego, California, very intimately shares her experiences and feelings with us:

Shortly after I was married, I was one of a small group of young Army wives who got together at church and said we certainly hoped we got pregnant soon, and we certainly were *trying*. But they all *did*, and I didn't, and pretty soon I dropped out of that group and didn't talk about it much anymore. I couldn't stand pity, and some well-meaning comments about our sex-life infuriated me.

After some time, medical tests confirmed our infertility. The finality of this was in many ways easier to live with than uncertainty. About this time, some of the women in the university branch we then attended formed a group (about the time *Exponent II* began and to some extent inspired by it), which met once a week to talk. While the members of the group were sympathetic and understanding about my desire to have a child, they didn't consider my life empty because I didn't or couldn't.

When my husband got out of graduate school, we decided to apply for adoption through LDS Social Services. The average waiting time, we learned, was two years after the application was completed (a large stack of papers plus a five-page life history of each prospective parent). It seemed forever. I insisted that we tell almost no one at Church what we were doing. I was sure that if we told everyone we were applying to adopt, we would be asked frequently, "When do you get your baby? Two years? That's so long! How awful!" Again, I couldn't stand to be an object of pity.

I dreaded the preliminary adoption interview. The first questions confirmed my worst fears. When I am nervous, I tend to talk more--my husband talks less. Perhaps that is why the (female) social worker asked, "Who do you feel dominates in your marriage?"

My husband (bless him!) answered, "I think 'dominates' is an ugly word. I feel we complement each other." He went on to elaborate.

Then there was "Why do you want children?" If there is a right answer to that, or even a short one, I have yet to discover it.

Subsequent interviews were much less stressful. But after the interviews were completed, we were left in a void. We had no contact with the agency or our social worker. Although we didn't discuss it with each other, both my husband and I were sure we had been rejected. He was sure the agency felt we wouldn't have enough money for a child after I quit work. I was sure I had been judged too radical. (I must add that this was sheer paranoia on our part; if you are found unfit for adoption, you are informed long before the final interview.)

Not two years, but thirteen months after we completed our application, we got *the call*. "We have a baby for you." That was Friday night. By Monday, we had our six-week-old son installed in a hastily-purchased crib in his hastily-painted yellow bedroom.

The next few days contained a lot of joy, mixed with a constant backache from using unaccustomed muscles to carry a twelve-pound baby, and exhaustion from night feedings. We spent a fortune on long-distance calls. The phone rang constantly as word spread, and we were flooded with loans of baby equipment. Although we were relatively unknown in the ward, we became "instant celebrities"; at the ward party which served as our first outing, we "held court" on a folding chair as admirers paid their respects.

I said to my husband once in those first hectic days, "Did you know we'd like him so much?" and he said, "No, but I didn't know he'd be so cute." We were overwhelmed that we had been given this gift, this beautiful child to be our own.

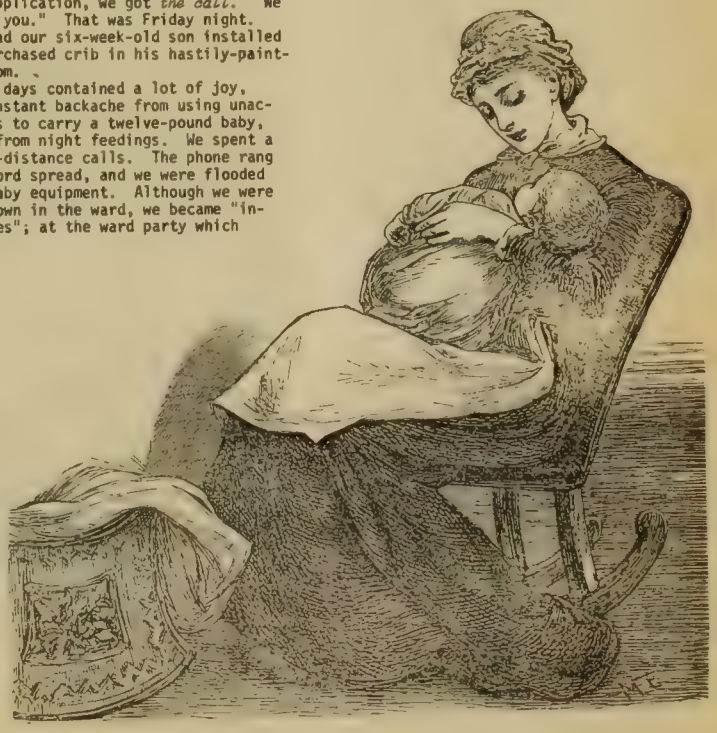
What I missed: First, the experience of pregnancy and childbirth. About this, I am somewhat ambivalent. I don't feel these experiences make a "real woman" or a "real mother." Yet it seems that I missed out on an awfully basic human experience (and a lot of basic female conversation). Second, the desire to see what my genes and his genes would have combined to produce. But could it have been better than the lovely child we have now?

If we have coped any better than anyone else, it may be because we do not feel punished or cursed by God with infertility. We do not feel, as I fear some childless people in the Church do, that patriarchal blessings have been unfulfilled, or promised blessings withheld. Our (mostly unarticulated) philosophy goes something like this: God does not send us our trials, but gives us strength to overcome them and grow through them. One does not blame God for physical imperfections arising from the natural functioning of an imperfect world.

And, although it was not our first choice to live a childless life for those several years, we were not blind to the advantages of our second-choice lifestyle. It is almost heretical to admit such blessings exist, but they were there. Time alone. Time alone together. Freedom to go places and do things spontaneously, without worrying about nap times, babysitters, or even packing a diaper bag. We never really wish for a return of the old days, but they weren't all bad.

We have now begun application for a second child, and some of the old feelings of depression and frustration at the long process have returned. This time, however, we have a living, breathing example of the results of the process to sustain us through the months of waiting.

cont. on p. 16



Sisters Speak cont.

Cheryl L. Lyon of Provo, Utah, records her frustrations with insensitive comments as well as her joy at being an adoptive parent:

We've had the unusual experience--and blessing--after an eight-year wait between children, of having given birth and adopted in the same year. We now have two little boys just six months apart. A neighbor recently commented that they look like salt and pepper; one is a cheery little blue-eyed blond elf, and our little Guatemalan captivates everyone with his huge dark eyes and his infectious dimpled giggle. Neither child is any more or less our *own*. Each is loved for his special qualities. We are grateful we have been able to build our family through both channels. Each time a mother holds her baby for the first time and senses, "He's mine," the same beautiful process of loving and belonging begins--regardless of how that child came to be hers. Motherhood comes not with the child-bearing process, but through the years of joy and tears of child-rearing.

As with other adoptive parents, we've had to field the frequent well-meant, but naive and often hurtful comments and questions of friends:

"Which ones are adopted, and which are your *own*? . . . How are you getting his skin to go lighter? . . . Now, honestly, don't you have different feelings toward your adopted children? . . . You know, adopted children are never well-adjusted . . ." And the clincher, tossed at us when we adopted a very blond daughter after giving birth to two dark-eyed, brown-haired children: "Oh! She's the wrong color! But she'll darken up in your family."

Should our adopted children someday question their origins, or even set out to search for their natural parents, we will feel only that such is their privilege. We will be secure in the knowledge that we have provided them the home, the security, and the nurturing and love when it was desperately needed. Then, as with all children, we will gradually let go of them in order that they can grow into independence and be free to work out their own places in this life and in the eternities.

Two of the letters we received came from children who were adopted. The first one suggests some of the sadness that adoptive parents and their children can suffer which may be related to the adoption. This first sister asked that her name be withheld for fear her parents would not understand her suggestions to parents who adopt. She writes:

As an adopted child, it took me years before I realized how mutually supportive adoption is. I felt the weight of gratitude so heavily that until I had my own children and realized how marvelous it is to have children, I never knew how much adoptive parents have to be grateful for. It was really a remarkable realization for me. It normalized my feelings about my relationship to my parents, and helped to equalize my feelings about my brothers and my sisters and myself.

I believe that adoptive parents must go through the same "internalization" process. I would compare it to the "conversion" that lifelong members of the Church go through at some time in their lives. If one has something all one's life, it tends to be taken for granted until some experience confirms its value. However, there is a major hurdle that adopting families must overcome before they can go through this "conversion" to each other. I believe it involves accepting the idea of *vive la difference*!

If I were interviewing parents for adoption, I would begin by stressing the fact that these little beautiful babies will be soft and cuddly and wonderfully dependent. "Then they may tear things off shelves and perhaps break your hand-inlaid jewelry box from Iran. They will go to school and perhaps not do as well as you did. They will become teenagers and perhaps not have the same beautiful skin that attracted you to your wife. And maybe they will even grow up and marry someone you would not have chosen for them." All this time these parents won't have the ego satisfaction of saying things like, "Oh, he doesn't do his work; he'd much rather play football. He's just like his dad." I would tell them stories about adoptive parents who had two adopted children and then had two of their "very own." They found that as they grew up, the adopted children were different in some ways from the others. I'd tell them that at times they might feel that these differences were the result of "bad genes." And then I'd require the adopting parents to sign an affadavit to the effect that when these feelings came, they would not withdraw their love from these adopted children, but would accept the idea that differences can make the family experience more fulfilling. Having been advised that these and any children can differ from each other and from their parents, they might better understand the beauty of *vive la difference*.

The family with adopted children needs more sensitivity and empathy from both the parents and the children. There is an additional reason for experiencing alienation and insecurity which is built into the relationship.

Mormon families have the blessing of being sealed under the Covenant for time and eternity, but as with other principles, the whole family must understand that adopting children is a different way of creating a family, but it is a family just the same.

Tamara Hauge of Provo, Utah, provides us with an interesting contrast in her interview with Cindy Meyere Caldwell, who was adopted:

Q: Have you always known you were adopted?

A: My parents told me when I was in the third or fourth grade. I had known that I was adopted for some time before they told me. I learned this from overhearing their conversations. It seemed obvious to me that I was adopted because when my parents would say that they were bottling peaches when the hospital called and told them to come pick up their baby, I figured that wasn't the way it usually happened. When they told me I was adopted, I was very calm about it. I didn't think it was unusual.

Q: What difference did being adopted make to you as you were growing up?

A: Being adopted made me feel sort of special. I really enjoyed feeling unique. I didn't advertise the fact that I was adopted--not that I was embarrassed or felt badly about it--I felt it was something special for just me and my family. If my friends asked, I'd say that I was adopted, and they'd say, "Oh, that's kind of neat," and that's as far as it went.

Q: Do you think your parents have treated you differently because you are adopted?

A: I always felt that since I was adopted they've been very protective of me when I was growing up. If I had trouble at school or with friends, they always made sure it was worked out, and that I didn't get hurt. I sometimes resented the extra protection when I was younger, but we usually worked things out. My parents waited ten years before they were able to adopt me, and I think waiting so long would make parents more protective and careful once they got that child.

Q: Have you ever been curious to know more about your natural parents?

A: I was never really curious to find out who my real parents are. Before my parents told me that my natural parents were living in the same county as we were living in, I used to wonder if my natural parents were from a far-off country, or wealthy, or famous--wild fantasy things. But other than daydreams, I never had much desire to know more about them. Since I've been married, my husband has been a lot more curious to know more about them than I have ever been, so I think it just depends on the individual's personality. It's never been important to me; I have my own family and I love them very much. If you were in some odd situation where everyone treated you as if you were different, then perhaps you would want to find your natural parents to see if they loved you or wanted you more than your adoptive parents.

In our last issue, Meg Munk of Silver Spring, Maryland, wrote us a beautiful letter on her experience of being childless in the Church. Her words on adoption were saved for this issue, and make a fitting ending for this topic:

My husband and I have two wonderful adopted children. We were lucky enough to find them without great difficulty, late enough for most people's attitudes toward adoption to have become positive and accepting, and soon enough that the number of adoptable babies had not yet been drastically reduced by liberalized abortion laws and improved contraceptive methods. "When life hands you a lemon, make lemonade." My children are my lemonade.

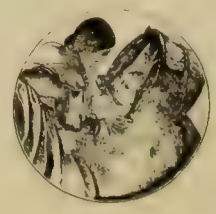
There isn't room here to go into all the merits and considerations of adoption, but for us it was surely the right course. In fact, I had always been attracted to the idea, even as a young girl. In my more mystical moments, I sometimes wonder whether something in me knew. When our daughter was a baby, I wrote an article on adoption for *The Ensign*, which seemed to strike a responsive chord in a number of other adoptive mothers. I would like to try to write something more for LDS adoptive parents in particular after my children are older and I have had some experience with the questions or problems they may have later on.

I believe that my positive attitude toward adoption, which probably began with tolerant parents and an adopted cousin, has been reinforced by the beautiful doctrines of the preexistent life and divine parentage of all people. If one accepts this, then the old fears about adoption have no meaning. A child is an eternal individual, not just an extension of his parents, and whether my children came into this life through me or through someone else is not important in terms of the kind of people they are and can become. Even the Church's great emphasis on genealogy does not disturb me, although I can't predict what effect it may have on my children as they mature. To me, everything of greatest value which I have received from my ancestors is theirs, too; but I think it is possible that they may question this someday and feel a stronger than usual motivation to seek out their natural ancestry.

Of course it is very special for us to be able to recall with the children our sealing to each other in the temple. I hope and expect that this concept of eternal family unity will help our children to come to terms with one of the most painful realities which adoptees must face--that their natural parents gave them away. When our daughter finally asked, "Why did they leave me in the hospital?", I was able to answer, "They knew they couldn't take care of you, so they trusted you to us. You became our little girl, and you *always* will be." Her happiness and self-confidence at age eight make me hopeful that she does feel reassured that the abandonment or separation will never be repeated.

Another topic that we dealt with in an Exponent *discussion group was community involvement for LDS women. We found that women here had varied types of involvement in politics and other community activities, and that their feelings about what they had done were as varied as their activities. Questions were raised about balancing family-, home-, and church-life with community service, as well as the support of these same institutions. We would like you to share your joys and frustrations connected with community service. If you have not had experience in the community but have thoughts on the subject, feel free to express them here. The deadline for the next Sisters Speak column is January 15.*

JRD



HOLLYHOCKS DOWN BY THE FENCE

In the infancy of evening
I linger one last, lone moment,
Forehead pressed
Against sharp coolness of the pane.
She is gone.
Even grieving skies have begun
to shed their rain.

Through watery streaks and slashes
My eye catches a flash of color
There by the backyard fence.
Her hollyhocks, of course,
Like lavender-clad ladies pouring tea
From cup to cup as they sway in the storm.
No pedigreed prize-winners,
Meticulously groomed,
But hardy, happy stalks
Of sturdy, unpretentious hollyhocks.

They have prospered perennially
Through her pioneer frugality.
It seems her mother, of necessity,
Made optimum use of water.
In turn, she always did her laundry
Following rules her mother taught her.
Into her worn machine she brought
Measured amounts of cold and hot water.
Then, item by item, the wringer collected
Each superfluous drop for use
In scrubbing floors.
Water remaining after the rinse
Was carried to hollyhocks
Down by the fence.

Hollyhocks
Pouring from cup
To buoyant blossom cup
Symbolize the life
She lived so carefully,
And comfort me.

Val Camenish Wilcox
Provo, Utah

"Holyhocks"
by Jenni Christensen

FIRST GRIEF

Last night, my daughter--
Mine by right of love and law,
But not by birth--
Cried for her "other mother."

Accountable
And duly baptized she may be,
But eight is young,
So young,
For grown-up grief,
The first I cannot mend
With Band-aids,
Easy words,
Or promises.

I cannot tell her yet
How I have also cried
Sometimes at night
To one whose memory
My birth erased;
Who let me go
To other parents
Who could train and shape the soul
She had prepared,
Then hid her face from me.

Margaret Munk
Silver Spring, Maryland

AMERICAN NEANDERTHAL

A man should claim his child while it's new,
before a bottle robs him of the chance;
while mother bares the warm breasts wet with milk
father should feed it with the reek of play
(sweet sweat of capering in a morning dance),
with off-key songs, chants, howls and double-talk
urge it to babble, belch, grunt, blart and spew,
give love with laughs before glands get their way.
Let mother ponder the infant's mind and health;
father should be a clown, should make a fool--
the one biological function he can serve--,
teach childhood to his baby nerve by nerve,
share with it grace to dunce its soul through school,
learn it to laugh against the weight of wealth.

Dennis Clark
Kearns, Utah

FOR DAD AND MOTHER

Weary at evening
After the alarm clock,
Oatmeal,
Lunch pails,
Car pool,
Grocery bags
Up ten steps
Two by two,
Tuna fish
And noodle soup,
School bus,
Socks and blue jeans,
Swimming lesson,
"Papa Haydn"
At the keyboard,
Stacatto oratory
From the first grade reader,
Knights in armor
On their sofa cushion steeds,
Urgent calls
From six-year-old admirers,
Skinned knees
And Band-Aids,
Broken bike chains,
Missing mittens,
Quarrels of unknown origin,
Kitchen strewn
With leavings
Of creative genius,
Frying pan
And soap suds,
Fork on the left,
Spoon on the right,
Gymnastics after dinner,
Toothpaste and pajamas,
Stories,
Singing,
And the very latest tactics
For bedtime delay--

I do well to remember:

Someone thought
That I was worth it,
Every day.

Margaret Munk
Silver Spring, Maryland

TO THE RELATIVE WHO DOESN'T UNDERSTAND

Well-meaning people had their suggestions.
Silently crying
We smiled and nodded.

A nine-month pregnancy couldn't seem as long as
my two-year adoption pregnancy.
A doctor checking your weight and blood pressure
must be easier
Than the official lady
Checking
On your fitness.
No stranger questions a birth mother about her
money, marriage, home and children.
No letters of reference are sought.

Well-meaning people discussed adoption,
Telling of "so-and-so" and "It only took them
two months."
We smiled and nodded.

The final minutes of labor
Sitting carefully on stitches
Could not bring more pain than
"It will be eight months to a year
Before we can process your papers."

Well-meaning people inquired how many children
we had,
Telling of the joys we were missing.
We smiled and nodded.

When your boy was placed in your arms
Did you think that when our child was placed
in our arms
We would still have to wait
For the adjustment period to be over
For the judge to say he was ours?

Well-meaning people say,
"Oh, you had a baby the easy way,"
We smile and nod politely.

I want you to acknowledge this child is mine.
I have cried the same tears as you.
I have said the same prayers as you.
Your child was born from under your heart
And close to your heart you fed him.
My child was born from within my heart,
And close to my heart he was fed.

Now I plead that you will accept him
and his differences.
He may not look like us
As one would carrying our genes,
But he is ours: carrying our training, care,
and love.

As I watch him now at play,
These words never rang more true:
"For unto us a child was born,
And unto us a son was given."

RevaBeth L. Russell
Sante Fe, New Mexico

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Letters

Dear Editor:

In a review of *Sister Saints* by Chris B. Arrington in your Summer 1978 issue, she states: "There are several omissions in the books (sic) that are bothersome. The essay on Patty Sessions does not mention that she was married in polygamy to Joseph Smith. . . . One deletion was made so sloppily that the footnotes were not even renumbered."

As author of the essay on Patty Sessions, I wish to state that I did describe Patty's marriage to Joseph Smith in the essay that was submitted to Vicky Burgess-Olson for publication. The paragraph containing this information was deleted prior to publication without my knowledge, which paragraph follows in full:

However, Patty need not be the object of total sympathy. In pages sealed with wax that were written years later in her diary, Patty reveals her secret marriage to Joseph Smith which took place on 9 March 1842 in Nauvoo. This marriage to Smith differed from her civil marriage in 1812 to David, in that she was "sealed to Joseph Smith . . . for time and all eternity."[29] Her marriage to David was for this life only, whereas Smith claimed her for "time" (this life) and "all eternity" (the life after death). It is unlikely that David knew of her sealing to Smith, but it undoubtedly must have been of some comfort to her as she coped with David's second wife, Rosilla.

This paragraph, had it remained in the essay, would have been placed at the bottom of page 310. The observant reader will notice that this page and the following page are markedly shorter than other pages in the book, evidence of a last minute deletion. Also, although the paragraph containing footnote 29 was deleted, footnote 29 remains in the footnotes published at the end of the essay, further proof of the scissoring done.

As stated above, I was not notified of the deletion until after publication, neither by the editor, Vicky Burgess-Olson, nor by BYU Press. In a letter to me explaining the action taken, Ernest L. Olson, Director of BYU Press, stated: "To omit sensitive material which might possibly turn readers against the entire book, and which were not in themselves vital to the purpose of the essays in which they appeared, seemed to us a desirable and necessary alternative."

Apart from unilaterally revising an author's work without notification, the issue of whitewashing Mormon history versus responsible historianship is very much alive, if not among historians, then with publishers in Zion. As Sister Arrington states in her review, "The sunbonnets are tipped back a little further, and we see more of the lives and hearts of our anonymous early Mormon sisters." How far can we tip those sunbonnets, or rather, how far back will others let us tip them?

I think this incident will be of interest to your subscribers, and to those who have purchased or will purchase the book *Sister Saints*. I wish to thank Sister Arrington for occasioning me the opportunity to bring this matter to light, and hope that ultimately, this now-published paragraph will help the modern readers better understand Patty Bartlett Sessions.

Susan Sessions Rugh
Provo, Utah

Dear Editors:

Could we use your publication to spread this word?:

All women in the Portland, Oregon, area who love *Exponent II* and would like to meet to share ideas and interests, please contact Samelyn Wood in Portland (246-0258) or Sheryl White in Sherwood (625-5030).

Samelyn Wood
Sheryl White

Mesdames:

The label on my *Exponent II* says 10-78. Whether that means October will be the *last* issue before renewal or the first *after*, I do not know. Please send me October whatever the case.

I love the publication and devour it as soon as it comes. Wish it came more often, but I know it's enough work for you ladies as is!

Thanks for the excellent quality work. It is much appreciated.

Beverly Hoppe
Seattle, Washington

Beginning with this issue, the expiration date will be noted on the label as "Fall 78," "Spring 79," etc. If your label says "Fall 78," this will be the last issue you will receive unless you renew.

Dear Editor:

As I read "Candles on a Wheatcake" in the Spring issue, I thought what an interesting program it would make. During the summer, I gave a copy of it to our cultural refinement teacher. She loved it! So I asked her if she would assign the parts and direct and stage it. I asked our music director if she would find some appropriate music for it.

We felt that we had an excellent program as an introduction to our 1978-79 Relief Society. Usually we have between forty and fifty in attendance. Due largely to advertising our program well, we served seventy-four that day. We usually have fifteen or twenty for our second session in the evening; that night we had forty-three. And the favorable comments about our program! One woman that we have been trying to entice to attend Relief Society said, "I just never expected to see anything this well done at Relief Society!" (How's that for a left-handed compliment!) She teaches literature at one of our junior colleges, and has now consented to teach our cultural refinement class at our second session.

Our stake leaders were with us, and they want it done for the stake. And I have had calls from other stakes about it (how word does get around in the Church!). Thank you so very much!

Mrs. Orval L. Ostler
Castro Valley, California

We are glad that "Candles on a Wheatcake" was enjoyed so much in your ward. Before it gets passed around, however, we would like people to know that it is copyrighted and permission should be obtained before it is used.--Ed.

Dear Editor:

I should like to express my thanks for the information and uplift I receive from reading the issues of *Exponent II*. It is helpful to see some of my own perplexities reflected in the lives of others and then to learn how they have handled such problems. The circle of sisterhood also enlarges when we are able to see how our pioneer sisters met their frustrations and difficulties. I very much like the opportunity to read a small paper which is prepared by and for *women*.

Bonita Gardner Hopkin
College Station, Texas

Dear Staff:

Before I can re-subscribe in good faith, I need to know: WHY DOES EXPONENT II COST MORE IN CANADA?? Is it subtle discrimination, an oversight, or an intentional policy that I haven't yet been able to reason out?

Our dollar is devalued at 13% (today) less than yours--however, it's a simple matter for Canadians to buy money orders in U.S. funds, bringing the cost to us of a $3.50 subscription to about $4.00. But where does the $6.00 figure come in? For $2.00 extra, by my calculations, perhaps we could get it airmail instead of 4th class, to remedy the situation whereby the Sisters Speak deadline has passed by the time I receive my issue!

It's just a matter of principle--six of my sisters and in-laws want to subscribe, and to some of them (students) the difference between $4.00 (or $3.50 U.S.) and $6.00 (Overseas) is substantial.

Thank you for your help and consideration.

Jacalyn Miller
Innisfail, Alberta
Canada

Exponent II *has been sent first class to Canadian subscribers in individual envelopes in order to spare Canadian readers the long wait of parcel post. Although the price is a significant amount more than the cost of mailing the papers in the U.S., we are willing to reduce the current $6.00 price to Canadian readers to $4.50 a year. --Ed.*

Dear *Exponent II*:

Thank you for bringing the lives of oustanding LDS women to public view. It is refreshing to me to see that all are not the stereotypic "Holly Homemakers."

Cynthia L. McCartney
Foster City, California

Dear Editors:

Thank you for *Exponent II*. It lights up my life.

Elizabeth E. Burdett
San Diego, California

Dear Sisters,

As I was walking through the foyer of our church on the way into Sunday School one morning, I noticed several people stopping to pick up a copy of a newspaper which had been placed next to the tithing envelopes and the Seventies Bookstore display. *The Church Times* was emblazoned across the front of the paper. The name was bounded on one side by the silhouette of a covered wagon and on the other by a silhouette of what appeared to be the Salt Lake temple. Curious, since I had never seen this particular Church publication before, I picked up a copy.

The articles were sweet and uplifting: the story of a blind man's faith, Mormon night at Disneyland, the open house and dedication of the Sao Paulo temple, and an announcement of the new academy of dentists at BYU. I wondered why the Church was producing another newspaper when the *Church News* seemed sufficient. Then I found why.

Tucked at the botton of page four was a story titled "An Alternative to Women's Lib." It began by saying that all over the nation "Latter-day women are becoming involved in alternatives to 'Women's Lib.'" I didn't notice at first that the words were carefully chosen: not Latter-day Saint women but "Latter-day women." The story was a plug for Eagle Forum, the Phyllis Schlafley organization. No by-line was given.

Aha, I thought. This is the reason for the new "Church" publication. But there was more. On page six a book review introduced *The Richest Man in Babylon*. The article described a book of "major" importance to "us as Latter-day Saints." The author stated that the success of the Church and the Nation depends on the success of individuals, that the Standard Works help individuals to grow spiritually, the Word of Wisdom helps us to grow physically, and *The Richest Man in Babylon* helps us to grow financially. The author recommended that every bishop read the book and use it to counsel persons coming to them with financial problems. This article was also unsigned.

By the time I had read this far, I was extremely angry--angry at whoever was exploiting the good faith of the brothers and sisters in our ward by placing the paper in such an "official" position in the building. I was angry at the publishers who had used a deceptive title and imagery to beguile those of us who are eager to read the words of the Church authorities. And I was furious that I could find nowhere in the paper any disavowal of an official connection with the Church nor the name of the person or corporation responsible for publishing the paper.

I went to the bishop's office, taking the paper with me. Our gentle bishop was standing at his desk, reading a copy himself. A stack of *The Church Times* was on his desk. I asked if he were aware of what was happening. "Oh," he said, "these people have been sending me a stack of papers every week and asking for subscriptions." He said that the other bishop in the building was receiving the same treatment.

I do not know how much of a threat *The Church Times* represents. I do know that it is a publication which is subtly represented as something it most definitely is not. I know that the editors are astute enough to avoid any illegal misrepresentation (even the silhouette of the temple turns out to be something else on close examination).

Proponents of some political organizations often enlist the religious fervor and patriotic love of Church members to further their own aims. When no misrepresentation is involved, members can responsibly commit themselves to those aims if they so choose. However, when dishonesty in the guise of subtle misrepresentations is used to enlist, there can be no free choice.

Marie Blanchard
Newark, California

Dear *Exponent II* People:

You must know that every time I get hold of a copy of *Exponent II* I get tears in my eyes before I've read very far--the feeling that these are *my* people telling *my* stories fills me with gratitude for those who write and those who print what's been written. I've just recently been married and the article in the September 1976 issue by the woman who spoke of her own changed relationships after marriage gave me much satisfaction. The most precious thing about *Exponent II* is that it is a vehicle for sharing, and I appreciate it.

Vonnie Beth Nichols
La Crescenta, California

Sisters:

The spring issue on New York as a locale for Latter-day Saints was superb.

Jan Shipps
Indianapolis, Indiana

Every Living Thing that Creepeth upon the Earth

Two months ago, I would have said that this was going to be a pretty good year for us. Oh yes, my husband had given up a well-paying job to go back to school full-time, our car needed $1,000 worth of repairs when the engine burnt out in the desert, and our youngest son had cleverly clipped off every trace of his hair on the left side of his head, but all in all things were going very well. And to what did I attribute this good fortune? Well, partly to the fact that our family had spent a quiet two months WITHOUT PETS.

Oh, we had had our share of hamsters, birds, goldfish, guppies, tomato worms, snails and sandcrabs. But we were down to one dog, and during our summer vacation he broke his leash while staying at my parents' house and wandered off into the night. Eight days, six animal shelters and $20 worth of classified ads later, I breathed a secret sigh of relief. I put my long-handled shovel away in the garage, the yellow juniper plants in the back yard turned green again, and the holes filled in in the grass. I had bought my last can of dog food.

My children, however, were not without hope. My son announced he was using his own money to buy a turtle and "could I please lend him fifty cents because it costed nine dollars." I tried to talk him out of a turtle, but frankly, at the pet store the salamanders and tarantulas looked worse. Our turtle came home to a large, well-appointed cardboard box and a vegetarian diet of fruits and vegetables. Every night it went to sleep in its water dish. Two weeks later, we discovered quite by accident we had been sold a carnivorous water turtle. Quite understandably, I thought, I balked at letting it set up full-time housekeeping in my tub. My husband climbed up in the attic and retrieved the baby's outgrown bathinette.

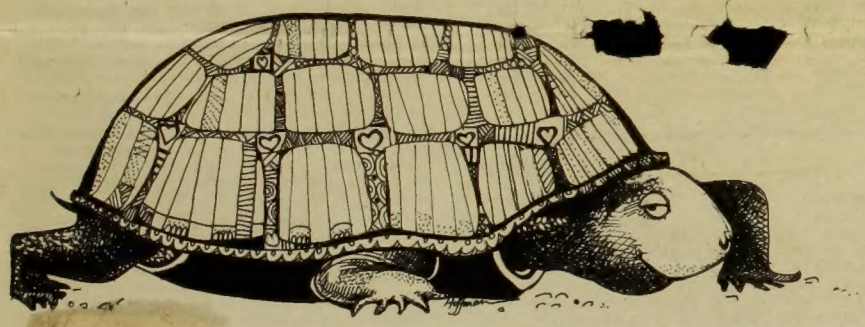
Soon I was changing water, opening cans of tuna (the next best diet to live goldfish), and wishing for the day when, according to the books, we could wrap him in newspaper and put him in a shoe box in the garage where he would hibernate until spring. One afternoon I set him out on the grass in the backyard to soak up sun and build up his strength for the long winter ahead. To my amazement--*and* delight--in fifteen minutes he had disappeared. As far as turtles went, I had opened my last can of tuna.

Then a week later my son came home from scout camp with some filmy water, six tadpoles and three milk cartons of moss. We poured the whole mess in a 9x13 cake pan and for a week things went fairly well. I subsequently recommended tadpoles to my neighbor and generously gave her boy one. The tadpoles sprouted back legs, the tadpoles grew front legs, and one that was rapidly approaching froghood disappeared right over the side of the pan. After I spent three hours looking under beds and toy boxes, my son informed me they were tree frogs. I began sweeping down my curtains and patterned wallpaper with a broom.

Two days later we began to run out of moss. We were told we could maintain the remaining tadpoles on algae, and that later on they would eat flies. I scavenged the water fountain at the local art museum, looking for algae, and caught enough flies on a bad day in my own kitchen. Great care must be taken in swatting the flies, I learned--the frogs won't eat them if they're dead. These days when my kids leave the back door open for the twentieth time, I feel like turning the frogs loose in the kitchen and letting them catch their own flies. After all, I know some people who told me they let their dog lick up the spilt milk on the floor.

Continuing my losing battle for dominion over hamsters, turtles, frogs, dogs, tomato worms, guppies, goldfish, sandcrabs and snails, I understand why God created Eve after he had created all the "fowls of the air, fishes of the sea, and every creeping thing." If she had been created first, she would most certainly have put her foot down.

Karen S. Langlois
Alhambra, California



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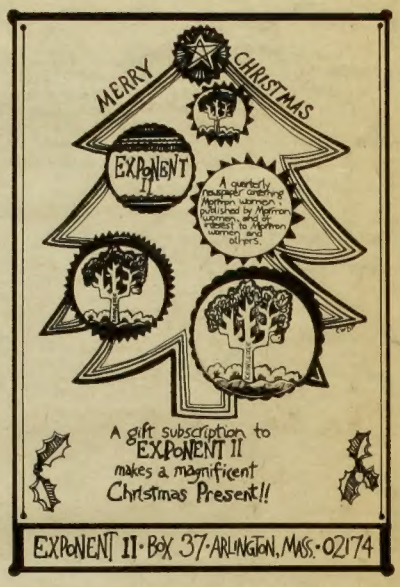
Many subscribers have asked if we publish unsolicited manuscripts. Indeed, yes--at least half of the manuscripts in each issue are unsolicited. We enjoy the variety that comes from many minds thinking and writing about new ideas. The following are some suggestions for our would-be contributors:

1. Though we publish longer articles, we much prefer the two to four page length.
2. Don't quote too much. We want your words.
3. If you want your manuscript returned, be sure to say so. A stamped, self-addressed envelope would help.
4. After writing, rewriting and writing again, type fresh double-spaced pages, one side only, with generous margins all around. Two copies would be appreciated.
5. Identify *each* page with your name, a short title, and your address.
6. Contributions of art work--graphics, photographs, etc.--are encouraged. Again, be sure they are well identified with name, title, and address.
7. We love to hear from you, in publishable form or otherwise. Letters, suggestions, interesting quotations, news of women's groups, news about women, and manuscripts are greedily poured over by the dedicated staff.



COPY DEADLINE
January 15

Apologies

Our sincere apologies to Mary Blanchard and Linda Sillitoe, whose poems were dissected and then unfortunately combined on the lay-out table in the last issue. The last stanza of Ms. Blanchard's poem, "Journey," is to be found at the end of Ms. Sillitoe's "Spinal Anesthetic preceding Caesarian Section." The last line of the latter poem should read, "Next time, they wave, next time, next time." The restoration of the sense and smoothness of these two poems will be quite obvious to the reader.--Ed.

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Prices: $3.50 yearly USA, $4.50 Canada, $6.00 Air Overseas, $8.00 for Friends of *Exponent II*. Contributions are tax deductible. Mail subscriptions to:

EXPONENT II
Box 37
Arlington, Ma. 02174

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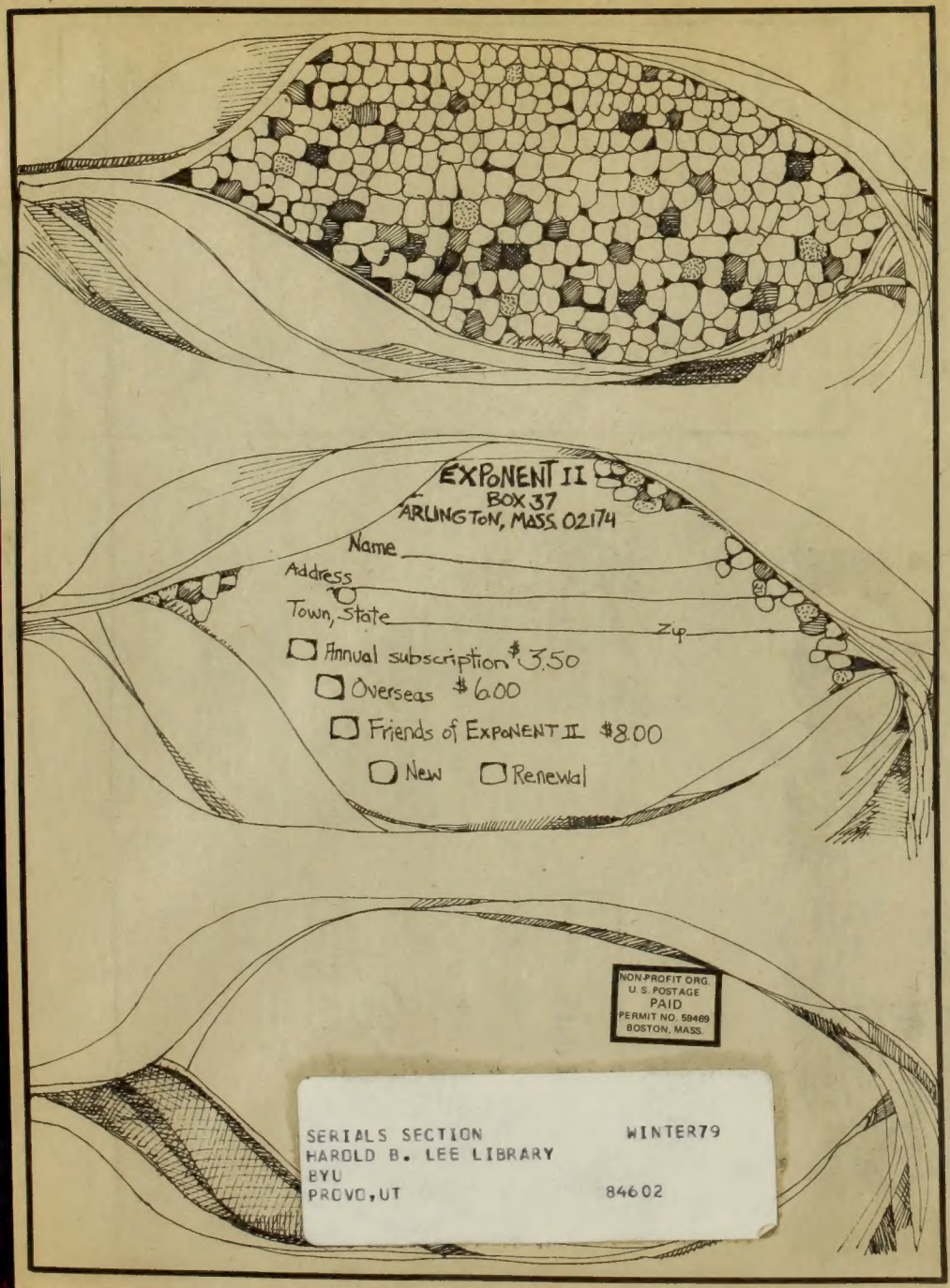

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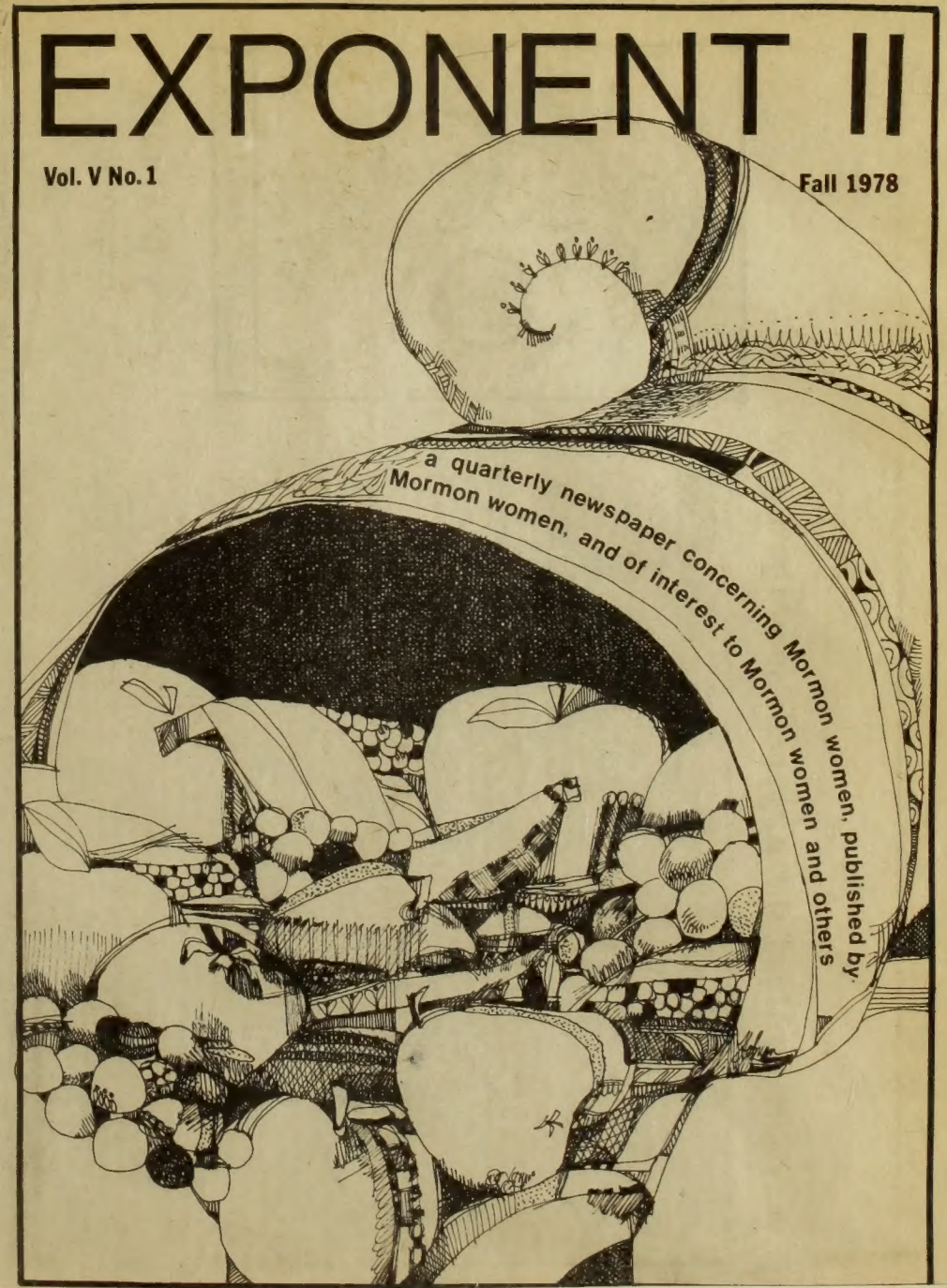
Vol. V No. 1 Fall 1978